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Reasonable Calculation: War?

THE Foreign Secretary is not only persuasive, he possesses real understanding; and when he told the Commons he was "disheartened by the forbidding chasm which separates East and West . . . and by the imperviousness of M. Vyshinsky to any shade of meaning other than his own," he was not merely using a form of words. Unlike many of his colleagues, he not only regrets the chasm but is searching for "an open chink" in the Soviet mind. Indeed, it is precisely Mr. Eden's desire for reconciliation which made his first survey of foreign affairs so alarming. For, despite that desire, he had to report that events are rapidly moving towards a climax which will make reconciliation almost impossible. In a response to urgent pressure from the Labour back benches, he replied, regretfully but categorically, that there could be no question of halting the process under which a sovereign Western German State is being integrated into the Western defences. The opportunity, he argued, for an "Austrian" solution (the establishment of a freely elected Central Government in Berlin, combined with the disarmament and continued occupation of both zones) has been lost. If the Russians ever really wanted to go back to Potsdam—well, they have missed the bus.

It is doubtful whether any but a small minority of those Members of Parliament who applauded Mr. Eden were even dimly aware of the fatefulness of his pronouncement. It seems to imply that the Western Powers, in relation to Germany, will be "impervious to any other shade of meaning than their own." The chasm which divides East and West runs right through the middle of Germany. Sooner or later that chasm must be bridged and Germany united. America has decided (and Britain and France have consented to the decision) that this is to be achieved not by negotiation and agreement with the Russians, but by the weight of superior force. The only kind of German unity which they will now tolerate is the extension of the rule of the Federal Government at Bonn to cover the Eastern Zone. The Russians and the Communists are to be ejected by the combined diplomatic and military pressure of the West.

It is our impression that Mr. Eden, in sharp distinction to Mr. Morrison, fully understands the appalling dangers to which this will subject us. He is far too experienced to believe either that an independent and rearmed Western Germany will be for long content with the narrow confines of the zonal frontier, or that the Russians will make no counter-move to frustrate German rearmament. Within the next two years, quite deliberately, the Americans are planning to bring matters to a head. Whether or not the formal policy of an ultimatum is adopted is immaterial. A moment will come when the Russians will realise that they must either surrender or fight back. No doubt Mr. Eden prays that, as the squeeze tightens, the Kremlin may be driven to give way. But he must realise that this is the slenderest of hopes. The policy to which he fears he is committed is one which on all reasonable calculation leads to war.

But in that case a powerful Labour Opposition must surely be able to rouse the country and challenge the Government? Unfortunately the ex-Ministers are at least as deeply committed as Mr. Eden. After Mr. Bevin's fatal surrender on the principle of a German contribution to Western defence, they went on retreating. Finally, they came to accept the American view that the achievement of German unity by agreement with the Russians is a booby trap which the Democracies must at all costs avoid. So, instead of sustaining French opposition, Mr. Morrison helped to wear it down—until to-day Mr. Eden can claim that he must accept, however reluctantly, a *fait accompli*.

Can nothing, then, be done? Is it true that a terrible and scarcely revocable decision has been taken and will be ratified at the N.A.T.O. meeting in Rome next week? The French Government, helplessly dependent on dollars, seems inclined to accept the drift of events, but to try to lessen the risks by proposing that German contingents should be incorporated in a "European army." If Mr. Eden be right, and it be too late now to reverse Western policy, then it can indeed be argued that German units, brigaded with other European troops and under the control of a joint European Army command, would be less of a menace to peace than a German army bellicosely allied with the U.S. To this extent, in an otherwise desperate situation, we should regard the French plan as at least a *pis aller*. But can it be truly said, by Mr. Eden or any other European statesman, that the possibilities of securing a bargaining settlement with the U.S.S.R. on Germany have yet been exhausted—or even seriously tried? Until then, we trust at any rate that Britain will firmly resist American insistence that Western Germany should be brought forthwith into N.A.T.O.,

with full partnership privileges. That, we believe, would be interpreted, not only in Russia, as plain acceptance of the inevitability of war.

Dr. Adenauer's Tour

Secrecy is being preserved on the long negotiations which Dr. Adenauer has been holding with the three Western High Commissioners in Bonn. This secrecy is said to conceal disagreement; but it may just as well conceal the opposite—especially as these talks are known to be dominated on the Western side by Mr. McCloy, the U.S. High Commissioner. Differences on detail there certainly are. One of the most interesting of these is a renewed German attempt to secure a more or less complete freedom for the bigger steel-making concerns. They have tried—and apparently failed—to make the Western Powers remove restrictions on the building of new capacity for the Thyssen complex in the Ruhr and for the former mammoth steel plant at Watenstedt-Salzgitter. Here, evidently, the Western desire for rearmament in Western Germany has clashed with the fears of German industrial competition. The West German steelmasters are already producing steel at a surprisingly high rate—probably not less than 15 million tons a year: and although all steel produced in Western Germany above a level of 11.1 million tons is supposed to be used for the purposes of rearmament, there is no guarantee at the moment—in advance of a "German defence contribution"—that it will not be used for civilian exports.

Firemen's Wages

The Home Secretary did well to rap over the knuckles those local authorities who thought fit to call on the police to eject from fire stations firemen suspended for taking part in the two days' "token strike." This demonstration, which took the form merely of a collective refusal to perform duties unconnected with fire emergencies, was in fact orderly and impressive; and when Mr. Henry Brooke, M.P., described it as a "Communist-inspired mutiny," he was suffering from a rush of Tory blood to the head. In asking for an increase of 35s a week, the firemen can legitimately argue that their earnings, in comparison with 1938, have increased much less than the average for industrial workers. The strongest point, however, in their case is their contention that they should receive, broadly speaking, parity of pay with the police. Firemen and policemen are normally recruited from the same sort of household; their responsibilities are analogous, and their needs are fairly comparable. As matters stand, a policeman starts at £7 13s. 6d. a week and reaches a maximum of £9 13s. a week after seven years' service, whereas firemen start at £6 18s. 6d. and attain a maximum of only £8 7s. 6d. Moreover, there are allowances in the police force which are not granted in the fire service—where the weekly tour of duty is at least sixty hours, in comparison with forty-eight hours in the police.

In view of these figures it is not difficult to see why the firemen regarded the offer of an additional 15s. a week made by the local authorities as quite inadequate. Nor can it be argued convincingly that the firemen have no right to share in advances which were recently given to the police primarily for the purpose of making good strengths which were falling disquietingly as a result of lack of recruits: in a number of important provincial cities the fire services are also disturbingly below strength. Clearly local authorities will have to think again. If they fail to come to terms, and quickly, with the firemen, the Home Secretary will have to settle matters over their heads. The public owes too much to the fire brigades to wish to see their members underpaid and discontented.

To Cut or Not to Cut

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's speech at Morden last week-end, in explanation of the Government's policy of import cuts, brought out very clearly the dilemma which faces anyone who has to handle the awkward problem of the balance of payments without interfering with the rearmament drive. A great many people have been asking why the Government proposes to cut food imports and left films, tobacco, wines and spirits, and petrol alone. Mr. Boyd-Carpenter supplied the answers—or at any rate part of the answers. Films and petrol are both the subject of recent agreements with the United States, which make cuts difficult—indeed, impossible without offending powerful American pressure-groups. Wines and spirits affect Empire as well as Continental producers, and could not be cut without deep offence to Empire countries which have increased their output for the British market. Moreover, they, like tobacco, produce a very high return to the revenue, and cutting consumption would release purchasing power to go in chase of other goods. Mr. Boyd-Carpenter might have added that we could not cut Continental wines and spirits while leaving Empire products unaffected without stirring up a hornet's nest about "discrimination."

Petrol rationing, he went on to say, was hardly worth the trouble of the elaborate apparatus involved; and the saving would in any case be small. He did not add that the anger of his political supporters would be very great. Finally, he said that the season for buying American tobacco was just over, and that restrictions would not have any substantial effect for some time to come. He ended, however, by telling his audience that there would very likely be further cuts to come and that the Government was still thinking the whole matter over. It will need a lot of thought to hit on a solution that will steer clear of offending the Americans, the Empire, our European neighbours, the general body of housewives, *and* the more self-indulgent section of the Conservative party.

Changes in Nepal

The resignation of the Maharajah Prime Minister of Nepal and of the five Ministers of the Nepalese Congress Party brings to an end the uneasy alliance between leaders of the old and the new regimes formed last February and reshuffled in June. All five Ranas in the last Government (including the Prime Minister who had dictatorial powers until the Revolution of November, 1950) have been dropped. The new Prime Minister, who also holds the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, will have seven Congress colleagues in the new Cabinet of twelve Ministers and four others are independents. M. P. Koirala, one of the leaders of the Revolution and the ablest of the negotiators in Delhi when the Congress-Rana Government was formed, is President of the Nepalese Congress Party and during the past year he has strengthened its organisation in the country, fully aware of the need for raising the political level of Nepalese scattered in hundreds of tiny villages in the Himalayas. His appointment should help to stabilise the situation at a time when people are beginning to expect far-reaching social changes which require firm leadership. And his enlightened views on international affairs will facilitate co-operation with India as well as bring Nepal more closely into touch with the world outside. One such step might be a request that Nepal should be helped by the Colombo Plan; she needs technicians and roads and railways before she can make any considerable advance in the unbelievably low standard of living of most of her seven million people.

Why Pleven Did Not Fall

Our Paris correspondent writes: If the present world survives, students of "French national character" will no doubt study very carefully the circumstances in which the Pleven Government survived by a majority of 18 votes on the night of November 20, 1951. A week ago M. René Mayer, the Minister of Finance, spoke to the National Assembly for two and a half hours on the gravity of France's situation and outlined the "draconic" measures which would have to be taken if France were to survive as a fully fledged member of the European community and the Atlantic Pact. He and M. Pleven had seen Mr. Acheson a few hours before, and the American had found the talk "helpful" and seemed to be willing to give France some additional financial aid.

Thus encouraged, M. Mayer outlined the policy of "austerity" which France would have to adopt, since, in the last six months—just as in England—the balance of payments had gone haywire as a result of rearmament, while the cost of living, even according to the most conservative estimates, had gone up 25 per cent. since the beginning of the Korean war, as against an average of 12 per cent. in other countries of Western Europe. The measures included a reorganisation of the railways and the social security services; a slowing down in the programme of public investments with as little new industrial equipment as possible; some 200,000 million francs in new taxation (but without any basic reform of the highly faulty and often unfair fiscal system), and, above all, a heavy reduction in imports from the dollar area—notably of grain, cotton, petrol, paper, wood pulp and coal, and a certain diversion of trade as far as possible from the dollar area to countries like Scandinavia (in the case of paper). Some restrictions in the use of petrol and newsprint were also foreshadowed.

On the one hand there was much talk of M. Mayer being the "Butler of France"; but it was observed on the other hand that he insisted that there was "really nothing to go into a panic about," and also stressed the important fact that, unlike Britain, France would always have enough to eat. Advocates of all-out austerity thought it was really a rather meek and mild performance—designed, as *Combat* put it, to save the Pleven Cabinet first and the country only afterwards.

M. Pleven for his part insisted on the importance of France not being left without a Government with the U.N. sitting in Paris, with Adenauer on his way here, with the Rome talks about to start, and Europe generally entering its most critical phase. The curious thing about M. Mayer's statement was that it more or less

successfully allayed for the present the fears of runaway inflation; for the Budget figures for next year showed that, with the automatic increase in revenue arising from higher prices, especially in the case of indirect taxes, the Budget deficit to be filled by "unorthodox" measures would not be nearly as much as was expected some weeks ago.

The Assembly vote was, however, an extraordinary affair. First, M. Pleven came up against a revolt from one of the Right-wing parties of his majority, the so-called "Peasant Party" who, egged on by the Gaullists, suddenly discovered that the peasants were getting a "raw deal" in France. They were particularly angry about the sharp rise in the price of petrol recently decreed by the Government. (That is the homely level on which many French Deputies still like to discuss the end of the world.) M. Pleven then began to woo the Socialists, hoping that for international reasons—the Socialists being much more "world conscious" than the "Peasants"—they would come to the rescue.

Finally, what happened was very odd. The Pleven Government got its vote of confidence by 246 to 228 and 153 abstentions—in addition to a few more who were "unavoidably absent." The conclusion to be drawn from this was clear enough: in reality only 39 per cent. of the Deputies were in favour of M. Mayer's even limited "austerity." The Gaullists, the Communists and part of the Peasants voted against the Pleven Government and the Socialists abstained.

And this is not the end of the story. There are many hurdles ahead yet—the Budget, the "austerity" reforms when they come up as Bills, and the European army among them. M. Schuman has so far never really explained to Parliament what the European army is going to be. Perhaps he does not yet know himself. Is it merely a screen for German rearmament? Many now ask this question.

If the Pleven Government managed to scrape through by a majority of eighteen it is largely because of the international crisis background—the picture of Herr Adenauer looking smilingly at the Place de la Concorde (what was he really thinking?); the fact that he was going to talk to the Americans first and to the French only later; the unhappy suspicion that there is a tendency in the U.S. to treat Germany as a much more reliable and whole-hearted future "policeman of Europe" than France, and that it might be fatal for France to be without a Government in the next few weeks. This really did the trick.

Washington and Teheran

After a pilgrimage lasting forty days and forty nights, Dr. Mossadeq has found nothing in the wilderness of Washington but permission to withdraw $8.7 millions for emergency purposes from the International Monetary Fund. Failing to secure American help in bringing the British to terms, he had asked for an American loan to the tune of $120 millions, to be drawn at the rate of $12 millions a month. But the most he got was a promise from President Truman that the request would receive "sympathetic consideration."

Dr. Mossadeq's mission, in fact, placed the Administration in a difficult position. Almost every day for the last month, he had had long interviews with U.S. officials in which possible solutions to the Anglo-Persian deadlock were canvassed. But the U.S. found that none of the Persian proposals were acceptable in London, and nothing that London offered appealed to Dr. Mossadeq. Unless the U.S. was prepared decisively to back one side against the other, there was no alternative but to allow the talks to peter out.

Yet both sides supported their arguments with woeful tales. Dr. Mossadeq and his colleagues at home have been proclaiming that, unless the dispute is settled and Persia is able once again to draw revenue from its oil, the country will collapse into chaos and Communism. When this danger did not seem impressive enough to win American backing against Britain, the Communist threat was again conjured up to justify the demand for an American loan—a tactic which the *New York Times* described as "a species of blackmail . . . now become commonplace." For their part, the British have been pointing out that the closure of Abadan is costing Britain a million dollars a day to replace the oil, and they have not needed to remind the State Department that part of this bill at least must ultimately be paid by the U.S.

Thus the American dilemma was how to compromise between the rival tales of woe and the rival intransigents. The State Department does not want to appease what it regards as Dr. Mossadeq's "international immorality," and so encourage Egyptians, Iraqis and, especially, Saudi Arabians to imitate him. But, equally, it does not wish to see his Government replaced by one more radical and difficult. Conversely, the Americans are anxious not to embarrass the British too much. After all, as one newspaper put it, London is worth more to America than Teheran.

Nobody, therefore, was much surprised when Dr. Mossadeq decided to go home. The Americans had tried to make London realise that it was safer to make some kind of deal with him than to allow things to drift on. But they could not effectively narrow the gap, and they had little choice in the end but to send the Persian Premier sorrowfully away. But with negotiations about Abadan once more at a standstill, the Administration will be driven to go over the ground once again in making up its mind about a loan. There are, in fact, further complications. The British object strongly to any financial aid that would ease the economic pressure on Dr. Mossadeq; apart from the additional dollar drain on London, there is no crisis in crude oil supplies; and, in any case, Congress would not be easy to convince that there was any real security for such a loan.

According to the *New York Times*, in a sentence that wins the prize for The Most Altruistic Opinion of the Year, "the American problem is not to save the Mossadeqs of this world but to help the poor people who suffer because of the bad policies of their leaders." A beginning is now to be made by the allocation of $160 millions under the Mutual Security Act to help raise agricultural and industrial production in the Near East, and Mr. Edwin Locke, a New York banker, has been placed in charge of this programme. This concession to Point Four principle is in itself admirable; but America has not yet discovered any way of getting behind the "Mossadeqs of this world" and reaching the "poor people." The unhappy experience of E.C.A. even in a country so developed as Italy offers ample evidence that the problems involved in raising the people's standard of living have not been solved. And bad social conditions and bad government are worse in the Near East.

In Westminster

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: Even when examined after the lapse of a fortnight the elections to the Labour front bench give little indication of any basic decision, conscious or unconscious, about the character of Opposition strategy. Every outgoing Minister who stood for election succeeded, except Mr. Strachey and Mr. Strauss. The latter was perhaps unfortunate in that his excellent and popular speech on steel was delivered just too late to influence the voting. By contrast, Mr. Callaghan, who was elected, scored heavily with a plea for more private Members' time at exactly the right moment. The two successful candidates from the back benches, Mr. Glenvil Hall and Mr. Anthony Greenwood, were respectively chairman and vice-chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party in the last Parliament and both had earned considerable personal esteem. Taken all round the team will be effective in debate and looks fairly formidable when compared with most of the new Ministers.

The most interesting party clash of the last ten days has been conducted almost entirely behind the scenes, and even there mostly by veiled hint and psychological pressure. It concerned the Prime Minister's intention to hold a secret session on Defence. In the last Parliament Mr. Churchill used to advocate this; and since at that time, no less than now, he was fully informed of the situation, Labour Members held that his repeated pleas were designed rather to weaken their Government than to strengthen the nation's defences. When, therefore, he returned to the charge immediately after the election, the Opposition determined to play him up. Those who know Mr. Churchill think he is perfectly genuine in his somewhat pig-headed belief that a secret session would be useful. But the facts are against him. Secret sessions are only relatively secret, and no Government is willing to divulge in them anything of real moment. The Opposition leaders, in any case, are fully informed as a result of their recent experience in office, and their information can be kept up to date by regular consultation with the Government, such as Mr. Churchill used to enjoy when Leader of the Opposition. Moreover, as was clear in war, there are considerable technical difficulties about giving even the form of secrecy to a secret session. Effective measures to accomplish this inevitably tend to infringe the rights of M.P.s as of the public, and are therefore unpopular on all sides. It was on this that the project broke down. Mr. Churchill, seeing the nature of the opposition, and doubtful of the whole-hearted backing of some of his supporters, realised that his proposal would have to be forced through under the Whip and sensibly agreed to yield to pressure. An interesting example of the relative strength of the two sides of the House; and something of a triumph for Colonel Wigg, whose parade-ground roar of indignation at the Prime Minister's original announcement first alerted the Labour Party, and for Mr. Bing, whose indefatigable research into precedent succeeded in obscuring a simple Party clash with a legal fog sufficient to blind both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Speaker.

The two-day foreign affairs debate at the beginning of this week revealed substantial continuity of policy under the new Government and a considerable degree of support on the Labour benches for the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Eden has always had the most agreeable Parliamentary manner, and the confidence and authority with which he handles Foreign Office matters is most impressive. He charmed—indeed almost spellbound—the House with his moderation, good sense and quick understanding of complex arguments. But Mr. Foot and Mr. Crossman, veteran campaigners of the Left, were resolute enough to play Odysseus to his Circe. They made it plain that, for all the smart new wrapping, the policy was the one that Mr. Morrison had inherited from Mr. Bevin and left behind him in the Foreign Office. They had some support on the Labour benches and, evidently, some respect from Mr. Eden. But most of their colleagues were content to surrender to the delights of a new and, be it admitted, infinitely more attractive presentation.

Mr. Butler and the Unions

THE engineers accepted on Wednesday the offer of eleven shillings a week wage increase offered to the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions by the employers. This represents an increase of about 9 per cent. on the basic wage. The railwaymen, it will be recalled, recently accepted an increase amounting to 8 per cent. Of the numerous claims now under negotiation, the most important is that of the miners, the outcome of which will be known almost at once. It is safe to say that they will not settle for less than 12 per cent. A pattern of events is now beginning to become visible: the present round of wage claims is likely to result in increases of between 8 and 15 per cent., varying according to the strength of the case and the power of the individual union concerned.

For Mr. Butler and his colleagues in the Cabinet the principal anxiety is what comes next. Mr. Gaitskell sought to counter the inflation, primarily caused by excessive Atlantic rearmament, by letting the rise in retail prices mop up excessive purchasing power. Thus he hoped to absorb the burden of Defence while preserving the form of the Welfare State. But he based his hope on the belief that productivity would continue to rise at the 1950 rate and that the U.K. could maintain an overall balance of payments. Both these calculations have proved wrong; and Mr. Butler inherits a situation in which he must relieve the economy of some of its burden. Since he will not willingly sacrifice any of the Labour Government's rearmament programme, he must count on turning the screw even tighter against domestic consumers.

There is nothing the Government can do to stop the current round of wage increases. But these will barely cover the post-Korean rise in prices and will certainly allow nothing in hand against its continuance through 1952. So, in default of a general easing of world prices which seems for the moment improbable, a further round may be expected just as soon as the unions can formulate new claims. Mr. Butler can look forward to no more than a short breathing space in which to decide how best to resist. For, while rearmament is treated as sacrosanct, real wages must fall; and the Chancellor cannot avoid the responsibility of organising resistance to the pressure of the unions.

What are the main facts on which the unions will base their decisions and their arguments? The Ministry of Labour reckons that, between June, 1947, and September, 1951, wage rates included in the official index increased by 21 per cent. In the same period, the cost of living rose by 28 per cent. Calculations based on wage rates rather than earnings are, however, notoriously misleading. Unfortunately, it is not possible to make a comparable assessment of earnings. But, on the available evidence, it is probably a fair estimate that, from June, 1947, to the present, the average increase in the industrial workers' "take-away pay" is about 40 per cent. Therefore, the Treasury argues, earnings have been maintained far ahead of prices. This is an entirely misleading conclusion. For instance, the relatively moderate increase in the cost of living index conceals a rise, despite subsidy, in the retail cost of food amounting to 41 per cent., of which 19 per cent. has occurred in the last year. This increase hits the lowest income groups hardest, especially where there are large families. Again, many groups of non-manual workers, always the least well organised, have gained no major wage or salary increase. In industry, numerous—and much publicised—examples of very high piece-work earnings are not typical. Indeed, in the mines something like two-thirds of the non-craftsman labour force are day-wage men and three-quarters of these, earning the basic wage, take home, after deductions, a bare six pounds a week. Even in the more modern manufacturing industries, raw materials shortages are beginning to affect piece-work earnings.

Apart from these general factors, there are great variations between industries. From April, 1947, to April, 1951, earnings in building and civil engineering rose by 47 per cent.; in textiles by 42 per cent.; but in transport, excluding the railways, by only 25 per cent.; and in steel and general engineering by probably about 30 per cent. The facts indicate that the general wage position is nothing like so favourable as is often alleged. Real wages have not, on average, increased much over the last five years; while for some industrial groups and many individuals they have actually declined.

This is the situation which now has to be faced by a Tory Government. What can the Chancellor do about it? A wage freeze in the Cripps manner is out of the question. Trade Union leaders dare not, even if they were willing, accept any such proposal voluntarily. The rank and file has been prepared to put up with a good deal from a Labour Government which it would vigorously contest from the Tories. Moreover, the strike is no longer an illegal weapon, and in present circumstances the Government can hardly rush to make it so. The classic instrument of Conservatism in this situation is the deflation of credit to the point of creating unemployment. Thus, the unions are weakened and the employers assisted—in some cases even compelled—to force down wages. But, in face of the existing clamant demand for labour in the arms industries, this would mean a ruinous deflation, quite intolerable to all moderate opinion; and, in spite of the importunities of city columnists, we doubt whether Mr. Butler will feel himself politically strong enough to undertake it.

The fact is that peacetime full employment has made this traditionally indiscriminate method almost completely impracticable. More than any other of the Labour Government's achievements, it has liberated the working class, making it possible for them both to force wage increases and to cock a snook at official advice to the contrary. At the same time, it has almost certainly made them politically strong enough to resist the "economies" which are calculated to undermine it. Unless the Government can manœuvre a situation in which it can count on widespread support in carrying out an attack on some "irresponsible" or "unpatriotic" section of the workers and thus prise open the united front which the unions will at present certainly offer against any limitation on their bargaining power, Mr. Butler cannot do even as much as Mr. Gaitskell to force Treasury control on the labour market. No doubt he will ask for moderation: no doubt he will essay somewhat sharper deflationary policies than he has yet indicated. But the unions have learnt by experience the hard lesson of capitalism, that on a free market the seller can exploit shortage. They will be unwilling to compromise their position at the request of a Government composed of buyers when they suspect of trying to rig the market against them.

In purely economic terms the present dangerous situation could be temporarily alleviated by a substantial American dole, the consequences of which in other ways might be gravely damaging to British independence. The underlying disease could be cured by a drastic scaling down of Atlantic rearmament. Otherwise this country must accept the continuance of the familiar mild inflation of the last eighteen months, and policy must be concentrated on keeping it within tolerable bounds. Responsible trade union opinion is far-sighted enough to realise that organised labour must in its own interest co-operate in seeking this objective. Whether that opinion is able to prevail depends much on the Government's domestic policy and may not be clear until after the Budget. Mr. Butler cannot get by with less than the good will which was accorded to his two predecessors. That he will have to pay a much higher price to get it is simply explained in his own theory of economics. There is a seller's market in working-class good will towards a Tory Government.

The Test in Central Africa

WHILE atomic explosions reverberate in West and East, and the world is racked with doubts about its very future, the fate of 200,000 Whites and six million Bantu in Central Africa may seem a small and distant matter. In reality it is nothing of the kind. Britain's accepting or rejecting of federation between the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland will be seen by Whites and non-Whites alike as a true measure of Britain's intention and ability to find new forms of imperial rule—or, striking out on a path that diverges from the past, to put force into the obligations of trusteeship. This decision is certainly among the most momentous that the Imperial Parliament will be called upon to take for some time to come.

Ventilated earlier this year, the latest proposals for closer association between the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland came after many years of agitation by settler communities in Central Africa. Originally, the settlers had pressed mainly for amalgamation; responding to this, a Royal Commission under Lord Bledisloe reported in 1939 that amalgamation could not be carried through without doing violence to the whole concept of British trusteeship in the two Protectorates north of the Zambesi. Thereafter the settlers changed their tune, and asked for something that was less on paper though little less in practice. Federation was proposed

this year by an all-White commission of officials from the three territories and the Colonial Office. Meeting at the Victoria Falls a few weeks ago, the Secretaries of State for the Colonies and Commonwealth Relations together with the political representatives of the White settlers (but not of the Africans) decided that they could accept the principle of federation. Yet all the African organisations which had been consulted were against federation still more strongly than they had been against amalgamation when Lord Bledisloe made his report.

Federation is not amalgamation, and would carry with it certain safeguards against the spread of Southern Rhodesian "native policy"—differing in no essential prejudice from that of Dr. Malan in South Africa—into the two Protectorates. But the Africans deny the value of these safeguards. When Southern Rhodesia was given self-government in 1923, its constitution reserved for the Secretary of State a right of veto on all laws which should discriminate against non-Whites. Since then the Southern Rhodesian Legislative Assembly has piled discrimination upon discrimination; yet the veto has never once been used. Similar safeguards in the South Africa Act of 1910 have been or are now being swept away by the Government of South Africa. Constitutional safeguards have never offered any real measure of protection for Africans in territories of White settlement; nor is there any reason to think that they would be more effective in the proposed Central African federation. The main reason why the settlers want federation, after all, is to eliminate an external influence which, they hold, "pampers" the Africans of the two Protectorates. Having a mind to their own future, the Africans were obviously right to reject federation.

By accepting it in principle—though in the face of unanimous and vehement African opposition—the British Government appears at last to have opted for the settlers. If not, it can be asked, then why should Whitehall press on with this plan after the Africans, whose views the Government promised to take into account, have made plain their dissent? There are probably two reasons for this change in imperial policy. A third reason—often adduced by the friends of federation—that the Central African territories must otherwise fall under the influence of South African extremism, need not be taken too seriously. It is within the power of each of the three Administrations to limit South African immigration, either of settlers or of capital, and to place legitimate restrictions on South African influence. If immigrants into South Africa may not now vote until they have enjoyed five years' residence, why should South African immigrants into Central Africa be enfranchised after six months?

The first reason for Whitehall's change of mind must be looked for in the changing economy of the Central African territories. From mere reserves of cheap labour and cheap minerals, the Rhodesias are blossoming into countries of industrial expansion. In Southern Rhodesia the blossoming is little short of spectacular. During 1949, 450 new companies were registered there with a nominal capital of £9,136,005; in 1950, 492 companies with a nominal capital of £17,489,137. Part of this new capital is funk money from British income tax, part is from the United States and South Africa: altogether, as a glance at the new factories going up on the outskirts of Salisbury and other towns will show, it marks the beginning of an industrial revolution. Much the same trend is perceptible, though on a smaller scale, in Northern Rhodesia. Imperialism in Central Africa is finding a new lease of life.

The second reason is less easily defined but probably no less influential. Even in economically undeveloped territories such as Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the growth of an African political consciousness, of an African nationalism, has taken long strides in the past few years. Already the Africans of the two Protectorates are immeasurably better prepared to understand and defend their interests than were the luckless Matabele and Mashona when the settlers of South Rhodesia acquired self-government thirty years ago. Currents of new thought flow in from West Africa, crystallising vague African aspirations into positive and well-defined political demands. Warnings flow up at the same time from South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, instructing the Africans in what they may expect if White settlers are once given a free hand to the north of the Zambezi. Unless imperial government is soon to find itself faced with an unanswerable African call for political and social rights in Central Africa, it must quickly devise a new framework for these territories. Unless Nyasaland, for instance, is to take the road of the Gold Coast and Nigeria—and already the Nyasaland African Congress, by no means an unrepresentative or uninfluential body, is asking for universal manhood suffrage and an end to urban segregation—Nyasaland must be encased within a political system which sets firm limits to African development. Imperial government, accordingly, accepts the principle of federation.

But the principle is not yet the practice. Without a measure of African consent the principle will remain void. At the Victoria Falls, this being so, the Africans were asked to accept federation which should carry with it a "definition of partnership." Imperial government no longer speaks of "the paramountcy of interests of the majority of the inhabitants," as it used to do (under both Conservative and Labour Governments); it speaks now of "partnership." This new word, suggesting equality, is presumably intended to conceal inequality. For if partnership meant equality, it would necessarily mean the paramountcy of African interests. And nobody thinks for a moment that it does.

What has now happened is that Africans in Northern Rhodesia—for those in Nyasaland appeared to have washed their hands of the whole transaction—are being persuaded to co-operate in "defining partnership." Another conference is to be held in London next summer: a definition of "partnership" will presumably be put before it, and, if it could be shown then that Africans had agreed to this, federation at least between the two Rhodesias (perhaps omitting Nyasaland in the East and Barotseland in the West) would presumably follow. It is difficult to see how Africans could be wise in playing this game, for in so doing they must risk becoming involved too deeply for later extrication. They—and especially the Northern Rhodesian African trade unions—would be far better advised to use the interval in building up the strength of their own organisations, and in reducing to a cut-and-dried programme their often vague ideas about the immediate steps they want to take towards their own future.

For the British electorate, ultimately responsible for the two Protectorates, the vital issue is to make sure that nearly four million more Africans are not going to be sold into the bondage of "White supremacy." Conditions in the two Protectorates are far from perfect. Colour bars already exist there unofficially. Even so, federation at this stage would mean frustration of political and social advance for which Central Africans are now prepared. "Partnership," if it is to mean what it says and lose its inverted commas, must mean an end to social, industrial and political colour bars. It must mean the acceptance *in practice* of the paramountcy of interests of the majority and open, thereby, the way to African civilisation. In colonial territories to-day the true interest of the British people—and in the end of the settlers themselves—is to liquidate, deliberately and intelligently, the heritage of imperial coercion which the colonised peoples are no longer willing to tolerate; and not to postpone the day of liberation until its demands are forced upon us, piecemeal and perhaps in chaos, by the pressure of history.

Paris Diary

If you fall asleep in the U.N. Assembly, you may plead in excuse the stuffiness of the speech or the overheating of the Palais de Chaillot. Mrs. Eisenhower is blamed for the excessive central heating; whenever I protest at the heat anywhere in Western Europe I seem to be told that the temperature was raised in response to her word of complaint. This, I take it, is merely one example of the new European habit of cursing the Americans for everything. Personally, of course, most Americans are popular, friendly, generous and expansive. As a nation, I doubt whether any people in time of peace have ever been so much resented. None of us like being dependent and being treated like scapegrace nephews who have to suck up to Uncle in the hope that he will pay our bills. How much worse when the bills are mostly to pay for things which the nephews don't want, think dangerous, and are given on condition that in future they do as Uncle tells them! To some extent the present constant anti-American talk in Europe (which comes as a surprise to people who have only read the British press) is merely a reflection of an extreme depression. To-day in Paris, as in the old days of the League, one meets the idealists, the ex-idealists and the tough boys; and in argument the tough boys have it. For here at last in the Palais de Chaillot we see what should be the realisation of an ancient dream. Here is a genuinely international organisation; the nations meet to discuss their problems instead of to fight about them; discussion is free; everyone wants peace; the speeches are heard, miraculously, by

millions and read by all the world. If this is not "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," why not?

* * *

One answer is that no world agreement can ever be reached this way. This is the technique for "open disagreements openly arrived at." As I listened to Mr. Vyshinsky on Friday, I knew that like Mr. Acheson last week he was addressing an audience outside the Palais de Chaillot. If Mr. Acheson was appeasing McCarthyites, Mr. Vyshinsky was scoring points to encourage Communists. In his first speech he had made an obvious psychological blunder in "laughing" at the disarmament proposals of the three Powers. Mr. Eden's appeal impressed everyone, including the Left, by its obvious sincerity. So Mr. Vyshinsky spoke again. His tone was no longer vituperative, and his arguments scintillated. He made some practical proposals, but they came after an hour or more of clever debating. I found it hard to pay attention; who is interested in the scoring of points when the issue is quite literally the life or death of a world? The last item of Mr. Vyshinsky's proposals, if taken quite seriously, would make it possible to start disarmament discussions. He proposed that the Powers should supply a census of arms and appoint a commission under the Security Council to verify this census and to see that the proposed reduction of arms was actually carried out. If he had really meant that inspectors might enter Russia and pin-point Soviet factories, then the main conflict between the proposals of Russia and the Western Powers would be only one of timing. The Russians want the atomic weapons destroyed first with the machinery of inspection and control to follow. The Americans want the inspection complete before any active disarmament. Theoretically this should be soluble by arranging for the two processes to begin at the same time.

* * *

That this was only theory was at once plain when Mr. Acheson replied on Monday. On this occasion he was sitting in committee, not orating from the rostrum; his speech was lucid and unprovocative, he even took trouble to answer some of Mr. Vyshinsky's points. If Russia doubted whether America would really destroy the atom bomb when it came to the point, he should be reassured by the offer to entrust the power of decision to an administrative committee of the United Nations. Just as Mr. Vyshinsky had said nothing about the veto, so Mr. Acheson did not refer to the United Nations practice of defeating Russia by a vote of about 40 to 5. Mr. Acheson suggested that any form of disarmament demanded "an act of faith." Again like Mr. Vyshinsky, he avoided mentioning the live issue of Germany. He also assumed that Russia could agree to Western inspection, relying on an American promise to destroy atom bombs in due course. This premise everyone knew to be unreal.

* * *

I don't want to suggest the U.N. is all failure. Take, for example, the Trusteeship Council's decision to summon to Paris the chiefs of the Herero and other tribes of South-West Africa. This is in itself an eloquent tribute to that little group of Europeans, with Michael Scott at their head, who have wrestled for years with bureaucratic indifference in order to bring the sufferings and claims of the South-West African tribes to the notice of the world. That the instrument of this decision should be Dr. Ralph Bunche is not only fitting; it is also a reminder that there is still power in American Liberalism. I wish the British had more reason for pride in this matter. Sir Alan Burns, the British delegate, has been arguing that no petition by the South-West African chiefs can be heard without South African consent. One sees the point. If the Hereros can petition the U.N. against the kind of government now imposed on them, might not others be quick to follow the precedent? The Basuto might appeal to the U.N. against possible annexation by South Africa: the Nyasalanders and Northern Rhodesian Africans against an attempt to carry through federation in Central Africa.

* * *

When the U.N. was founded, we understood that members of its staff were to become international civil servants beyond mere national control. This principle is in the agreement between the U.N. and the United States which governs the movement and the rights of U.N. employees inside America. But the Americans have carried the cold war into the U.N. Secretariat. Quite a number of officials who were needed in Paris for the Assembly were refused passports by the U.S. Government. They were Americans. Lacking passports, they could not leave America although they were part of the United Nations staff. This is only one of several instances of this kind. The case of Mr. Howrani is another. A Syrian employed by the U.N. for nearly five years, he was discharged earlier this year, nominally for inefficiency but almost certainly because he was politically unacceptable to the Americans. He appealed to the U.N. Staff Tribunal for reinstatement. While waiting for the hearing, he was suddenly arrested and carried off to Ellis Island. Later he was allowed, as he wished, to leave for Syria. In the meantime, the Tribunal ruled that he should be reinstated. But Trygve Lie preferred to pay him substantial compensation and let him go. Such examples make one ask how much influence the American Government has on the U.N. Secretariat and whether it is trying to eliminate "un-American" ideas from what is supposed to be an impartial body of officials.

* * *

Parisians have greatly relished *L'Observateur's* brilliant idea of asking Washington to consider what the effect in America would have been if a Soviet *Collier's* had printed a map of America occupied by Russian soldiers with a Red flag flying over Washington. They have been laughing too, at the skit in *Canard Enchainé* (a journal which is not to be confused with Lord Beaverbrook's *Canard in chains.*) According to *Le Canard*, both America and Russia have been atomised. After some months explorers find some people still living in savage conditions in each country. A Rescue Operations Administration is set up which is able to report on November 5, 1955.

Our first contact with the tribes of North America has been very successful. Ten angling societies have been established and this peaceful sport has killed all desire for baseball and television. . . . French cooking has been a brilliant success. . . .

An outbreak of lynching of Whites by Blacks was at first put down to revenge until it was found that this was in fact a return to normal because the effect of atomic radiation had been to turn all the White people black and all the Black people white. CRITIC

THE PRODIGAL AUNT

In the Assembly Hall of the Council of Europe the prodigal nephews receive the American uncle.—*Figaro*, Nov. 20.

They're giving a party at Strasbourg
For rich Uncle Sam from the States,
As cousins and kin they welcome him in
To a session of cosy debates.
They hang on the wall of the Conference Hall
The Continent's family tree
To show Europe's block, sprung from one common stock,
Are equal in rank and degree.
The titles of nephews at Strasbourg
Old ranks, grades and orders supplant,
But Britain demurs, and politely infers
She ought to be asked as their aunt.

The prodigal nephews at Strasbourg
Are begging for more fatted calf;
An identical share the nephews think fair,
But an aunt claims a share and a half.
Britain plans to preside at Uncle Sam's side,
And her title to aunt-hood makes known,
While a closer blood-tie with Europe's small fry
She seems most reluctant to own.
To Europe's rich uncle at Strasbourg,
Great Britain may pose as their aunt,
But there isn't a chance the nephew of France
Will ever call England "*Ma tante.*"

So Europe's reunion at Strasbourg
Starts off with a family row,
For the Council declares Britain gives herself airs.
And no one has budged up to now.
The question of class creates an *impasse*,
And Uncle Sam's nephews protest
They will not yield the palm to a dowager *grande dame*
Of no higher rank than the rest.
The party of Europe at Strasbourg
Will no British precedence grant,
While Britain stands fast and insists to the last,
That she is the Continent's aunt.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

"If you climb to the top of the hill at Alexandra Park and look due north-north-east, you will see that there is absolutely nothing between Wood Green and Moscow," said the chairman of Middlesex County Council Civil Defence Committee, at a public meeting.—*Wood Green Weekly Herald.* (W. Brown.)

It will be unfortunate that the Conservative Government should consider its hands tightly tied behind its back by election promises to maintain "full employment" and make no considerable cuts in food subsidies.—City Notes in *News Chronicle.* (L. E. Chapple.)

He knew of one hospital where the chaplain, because of his salary, was given only a fortnight's holiday a year, and ate with the clerks. It was not till the matter was taken up that he was given a month's holiday and ate with the doctors.—*The Birmingham Post.* (H. F. Hands.)

Aftermath at Easington

THERE have been two worlds existing side by side here in Easington village during the investigation, just finished, of the causes of the disastrous explosion which swept through the Five Quarter seam of the colliery, killing 83 men, on the night of May 29. The sole point of contact between them has been the huge dance room of the Miners' Welfare Hall—converted into a Court.

There, as audience, impassive miners have been watching, intent and still, giving no indication of their feelings, an Inquiry conducted, one would say, with kid gloves. The Knockshinnoch hearing, last year, was permeated with a sense of urgent purpose and savage ill-feeling; but here there have been very few moments when strain or ill-temper was permitted to break through the suave crust of gentlemanly consideration displayed between examiner and witness. Mr. W. L. Miron, Secretary of the East Midland Division, appeared for the Board. In his final address to the Commissioner he cooed like a sucking dove: the Board did not wish to protect individuals, the Board was aware of, and anxious to meet to the full, its statutory obligations—a remarkable reversal of tone from that of a year ago. But in Easington, stricken and rumour-ridden, the climate is chillier: tongues and hearts are bitter. "My boy, he came off that face a few hours before, reeking with gas, his clothes foul with it—it was terrible." Firedamp seeping from roof or coal face is odourless; but "her boy" could easily have been saturated with the reek and fumes of shot-firing *if the ventilation on that face had been inadequate on the evening of the disaster*.

Big money, they say 48 shillings a shift, was being paid to many of the men who died. They are calling it "blood money" now, in the village, but then it was welcome enough, and drew the vigorous young married men setting up house, when volunteers were called for to work on the new long-wall cutter face. This was the most heavily mechanised and most up-to-date section of the pit, but one where extra money was needed owing to the unexpected difficulties that were being encountered there—difficulties mainly in connection with roof support and with the "caving" method of withdrawal which had been, it is now admitted, mistakenly adopted.

Although some rumours must be discounted as wisdom after the event, others seem so well authenticated, and are so often repeated, that they should be considered and weighed together with the actual evidence offered in Court. Over and over again it is said in Easington that *before* the explosion there was talk of "something wrong in the pit," and that one day "she would go up". Difficult to reconcile this fear with the evidence of carelessness among the men that came out repeatedly during the Inquiry? Not so difficult when one remembers that young miners hate being mollycoddled, and that reiterated calls for "more coal" can become dangerous unless accompanied by flawless standards of mining practice and the unflagging vigilance of highly trained under-officials and management.

What were the working conditions and discipline like in the colliery before the disaster? It was revealed in Court that the men "refused to use safety lamps"—which show the presence of gas—and that methods of stone-dusting (to render the coal dust inert, non-inflammable and non-explosive) and dust sampling were unsystematic and, particularly in the area affected by the explosion, inadequate. Senior officials from the Safety in Mines Research Establishment, whose work was alluded to as being beyond all praise, and experts from the Inspectorate, testified that Easington Colliery, at the time of the explosion, had a coal-dust layer which averaged one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness. Many dust samples contained only 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. of incombustible matter, whereas 60 per cent. to 65 per cent. is needed to make coal-dust non-inflammable, and, of course, non-explosive. It was disturbing to learn that of 163 samples of dust taken from the area of the explosion, no fewer than 45 were definitely below the safety line. This condition, it was said, made the district the most dangerous in the whole mine—a disquieting fact when it is realised that the Five Quarter seam was not only filled with elaborate electrical equipment but possessed a long conveyor-belt system which itself constituted a perpetual fire and explosion hazard unless kept free of coal-dust with meticulous care. It was learnt that, in one area swept by the explosion, no dust samples had been taken since April 1950; that the leader of a stone-dusting team had never read the regulations on how to stone-dust; and that two-thirds of the devastated section had not been sampled since December 1950.

Most disquieting implications of slackness at under-official and managerial level were those provided by the revelations in connection with shot-firing practice in the colliery. Not only was it disclosed in Court that orders limiting the numbers of shots to be fired within one hour had never been given, but, far worse, that shot-firing had been taking place in the roof to dislodge supports—a dangerous and forbidden practice. Finally—and this seems almost too fantastic to be believed—owing to an "unfortunate oversight" the deputies (certificated officials next in seniority to the under-manager and responsible for districts in a pit) had not received copies of the new regulations governing shot-firing! Yet these regulations had been introduced as a result of the findings on the Whitehaven disaster of 1947.

These and a number of other irregularities came out one by one, but direct evidence as to the cause of the explosion itself was confused and occasionally partisan. Tragically, a pit explosion usually leaves none alive to tell the tale; thousands of tiny clues must be checked and double-checked. Some witnesses appeared to despair of ever finding the cause: Mr. Harold Wilson, senior District Inspector of Mines, and the 67th witness, could only say: "After spending all these months [since May 29] studying Easington, the only thing I can regard as certain is that there was an explosion." Yet, though it is for Mr. H. A. C. Roberts, the new Chief Inspector, finally to decide causes and apportion blame, if any, in his official report, it is possible, after the hearing, to suggest certain probabilities as to what created the choking explosive cloud of dust, followed by a searing sheet of flame, which swept through nine miles of intricate roadways within 90 seconds, leaving a trail of charred devastation.

The method of working adopted was one of the latest methods of mining—"retreating long-wall." (This means that transport roads are driven to the farthest point from the shaft where coal is to be extracted, and mining is then conducted *backwards*, leaving the waste—the vacant space from which the coal has been removed—*behind*.) Electrically driven coal-cutting machines were in use on the long-wall. Coal was removed, as at ill-fated Creswell, by means of a system of lengthy conveyor belts. All this was fairly conventional mining technique. But two, maybe three, factors were apparently combining—unbeknown to management and men—to make one long-wall face on the Five Quarter seam a death-trap.

First, an experimental technique of filling in the waste was being tried out, with the full approval of the Area General Manager and other high officials—all of whom regret this now. The type of prop used proved very difficult to withdraw; hence the temptation to fire shots in the roof. The idea adopted, that of "caving," was to allow the roof to fall naturally and fill in the space where the coal had been. However, the strata did not behave as expected: instead of breaking up and falling in small lumps, packing the space and rendering it more or less airtight, the strata fell, almost intact, in great wedges, leaving dangerous gaps into which gas could seep from above. That appears to have been danger Number One.

Secondly, the ventilation system was curious and intricate and came in for adverse criticism in Court. The volume of air (9,000 cubic feet a minute) passing along the main intake towards the coal face was sufficient to sweep away any dangerous gas that may have been dribbling through the coal face or seeping in from the waste. But how much of this air was reaching the long-wall face? Auxiliary fans were fitted to ventilate adjacent working faces: there were two of these and there was talk of a third which was not working. These were capable of drawing 4,000 cubic feet a minute *each*. Thus, suppose each, or even one, of these fans had been working to full capacity, sucking precious air from the original supply, how much air would still flow along the depleted main intake? Dangerously little, one might conclude. Evidence was given that cloths had been wrapped around these auxiliary fans to slacken them off; but suppose a miner from one of the side-headings had been feeling hot and pulled the wrapping away? Immediately the current of fresh air vital to the coal-face, where the ignition originated, would have fallen to below safety level.

The third danger lay in the behaviour of the coal-cutting machine itself. After the explosion, it was found in the switched-on position, with the picks deep in the seam. The picks were found to be blunt—they should have gone to the surface for sharpening—and the seam of coal was observed to be rich in pyrites—"brass" the miners call it—and blunt picks striking dry pyrites produce showers of sparks.

And so, one surmises, the stage was set for the explosion that followed. It seems probable that gas seeped from the imperfectly packed waste and perhaps added itself to more gas bubbling from the coal face; and while the draught of air may or may not have been sluggish, it seems undeniable that an explosive mixture had been created. A spark from the coal-cutter, let us say, ignited the gas and created a sheet of flame; the gas-laden air exploded violently upon contact with the flame and, sweeping through the pit, gained new strength and force from any coal dust it encountered. It is likely, I suggest, that this is roughly what took place. There was much talk of a sudden blower of gas coming off the face, but the total weight of expert evidence was in favour of my explanation.

What lessons has the Easington tragedy taught? What remedies can be applied, short and long term, to prevent more of these terrible explosions? For one thing, the coal-mining industry needs higher standards of roof control; for, apart from this disaster, it should be remembered that roof falls account for more fatal accidents

in the pits than do any other cause. Secondly, there is urgent need for improved standards—and perhaps tighter regulations—governing the prevention, suppression and analysis of coal-dust. Further, behind the whole Inquiry lurked the tardy realisation that there may be something basically unsound with some current methods of underground transport of coal, and that an all-out effort must be made to develop machines, such as the Samson Stripper, that eliminate shot-firing on the face. It may also be desirable to reduce shot-firing in general. These are long-term remedies. Short-term precautions would be to forbid the use of coal-cutters on a face containing pyrites unless water-infusion or wet-cutting is passed by the Inspectorate as affording adequate protection; to provide spraying at transfer and loading points on conveyor-belt systems; and, above all, to intensify and raise the standards of training and discipline for under-officials and technicians. However grave our need for coal, the attitude that it is impossible to get it if you obey the safety regulations must be stamped out—in the N.U.M. as well as the N.C.B. (Why, by the way, was no mention made throughout the Inquiry of the workmen's examiners at Easington Colliery?) And finally, there are two big research stations available for experiments in mining techniques; the coal face of a large Colliery is not the place for them. As Sam Watson said to the under-manager of Easington Colliery "This industry cannot afford experiments which cost 83 lives."

Durham, November. HELEN GOSSE

Perón's Victory

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

THE impressive majorities secured by General Perón, not merely for himself and his running-mate, Dr. Quijano, but also in the elections to the Federal Senate and Chamber of Deputies, suggest that he would have been re-elected even without the political "engineering" to which he resorted. As in 1946, the Opposition was denied access to the radio; in the past five years the opposition press had been so whittled away—by outright purchase or intimidation—that *La Nación* is now the only newspaper in the capital which does not actively support the regime; and whereas the opposition parties last time were united in supporting one single candidate for the Presidency, the new electoral law this time compelled each party to present its individual candidate. These efforts by Perón both to silence and to ensure the division of his opponents were interpreted by many observers here as a sign of weakness, indicating that he could no longer afford even the outward show of a "free" election. The results, however, demonstrate that the majority of the electorate is still sufficiently pro-Perón to vote for him—either because they have a personal stake in the system, as is the case with many thousands of civil servants and municipal employees, or because they still swallow the Perónista propaganda.

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude from the voting that all is well in Perón's Argentina, or that the country is solidly behind the re-elected President. The abortive revolt of September 28 was an indication of discontent among those circles which originally helped to put Perón into power—the armed forces. It is true that General Benjamin Menendez, one of those accused of organising the revolt, is one of the pro-Nazi elements which, together with former police chief General Fidel Velasco, supported the extremist Alianza Libertadora Nacional. Thus, for Argentine democrats, the success of that revolt would have meant "out of the frying-pan, into the fire." It is not correct, however, to assume that this abortive attempt was staged by the Government for purposes of clamping down on opposition elements. Undoubtedly, advantage has been taken of the opportunity afforded, and there is also reliable evidence that Perón had had his eye on General Menendez for the last two months, and therefore undoubtedly knew that something was brewing. It is, however, good politics to watch the plot maturing, and let it start, only to crush it immediately, and at the same time arrest any other "dangerous elements" whom it might be as well to have under lock and key before the election. It is equally obvious that many of those arrested, on the pretext of suspected complicity, would have no hand in a movement led by anyone of the calibre of General Menendez.

The Perón regime has often been misjudged by students of foreign affairs who are not fully conversant with the complexities of Latin American politics. It is by no means a Right-wing, reactionary dictatorship, in spite of the strong Nazi influence in many aspects of Argentine life. Many people who oppose the regime concede that there could be much worse administrations than the Perón's. This explains the lack of unity among the various dissident elements; for the Radicals and Socialists, who form the majority of the articulate groups, cannot ally themselves with the more fanatically pro-totalitarian, reactionary Army leaders and the rich "oligarchs" who resent Perón and his wife, but who have been the traditional enemies of the Argentine people. Some of the Radicals and Socialists did, indeed, go so far at one time as to intimate that they would almost prefer an out-and-out military dictatorship, because it would be so much easier to crystallise opposition to such a regime. This, however, was wishful thinking on their part; it would not be so easy to oust a Government which had the complete backing of the armed forces.

The causes of present discontents are more complex. Like all demagogues, Perón appealed to the working-classes for support. One of the best organised groups which supported him in 1946 was that of the meat-packers. The leader of this group, Cipriano Reyes, one of Perón's closest adherents and supporters, began to move away from the Perónista party shortly after the General's accession to power, because promises to the meat-packers were not implemented. In September, 1948, after an unsuccessful attempt on his life, Reyes was accused of complicity in a plot to overthrow his old associate, and he has languished in jail ever since. Then the white-collar workers, who were wooed by the annual grant of one month's extra salary just before the 1946 elections, have found it more and more difficult to make ends meet under the inflationary spiral which has affected Argentine economy more and more acutely in the last three years. The imprisonment in 1948 of the leaders of one of the more vociferous white-collar groups, the bank workers, has severely strained Perón's popularity in that sector.

More recently, in January and again in August, 1951, there have been strikes in the nationalised railways, and the leaders of the railway unions have been arrested. These three groups alone provided many, many thousands of General Perón's supporters in the last election. The strikes in which they were involved were due to the fact that the Government's honeymoon with labour in 1946 proved all too brief. For a while, the additional money in the pay-packet blinded the workers to the ever-rising prices, but now, after nearly six years of Perón administration, they can no longer close their eyes to the fact that instead of the paradise they were promised, life is becoming ever more difficult and costly. Moreover, it is possible that they no longer enjoy the compulsory turn-out at official Perónista demonstrations, in spite of the free refreshments and entertainment provided.

No review, of course, of the Argentine scene is complete without mention of General Perón's most loyal and devoted supporter, Doña María Eva Duarte de Perón. Her ambitious scheme to become Argentina's first woman Vice-President was frustrated last August, reputedly through Army intervention. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that after a carefully engineered campaign to "draft" her as Perón's running-mate in the present elections, she refused the nomination. A month later, she was reported to be very ill, and her public appearances and broadcasts were drastically curtailed, although she did appear on the balcony of the Casa Rosada on October 17, the anniversary of Perón's "liberation" in 1945. Perón undoubtedly missed her influence in his election campaign, for she was indefatigable on his behalf in 1946, and had worked untiringly ever since. Moreover, she provided him with a strong group of supporters when she far-sightedly secured the vote for women shortly after her husband took office. The vote for women was a recurrent issue in the Argentine Parliament for seventeen years before Doña Eva arrived on the scene, and it has been an extremely sore point with the feminists who fought for the vote during so many years to owe its achievement to "that woman." However, apart from the antagonism of those groups which have experienced personally the dangers inherent in running counter to her desires, it must be remembered that this dynamic, attractive young woman in her early thirties is immensely popular with large masses of the people. They are enchanted by the Cinderella aspects of her rise to power.

Against this must be set the fact that the Government is suffering from the charges of corruption and graft which are levelled against it. Moreover, Argentina in 1946 was a land flowing with milk and honey, where food was more abundant than anywhere else in the world. To-day the milk, together with butter and other dairy products, has either risen to prices beyond the means of the average citizen or disappeared entirely from the market. Meat, too, is scarce in Argentina to-day, and it is no longer possible to eat "baby beef" (the enormous steaks so dear to Argentines) in the restaurants along Calle Corrientes. These shortages are due to the fact that the cattlemen have gradually developed a policy of passive resistance to the regime, reducing their dairy herds and the numbers of cattle available for slaughtering.

Altogether, Perón's new term of office will provide him with many headaches and difficulties, and it may well be that he will wholeheartedly regret his engineered amendment to the Constitution which has made it possible for him to run for a second consecutive term of office.

Buenos Aires, November.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE
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Ill-treated Children

I HAVE found lately that foreign visitors to England, when they read the less restrained of our newspapers, are horrified by the evidence—or such it seems to them—of the prevalence of cruelty to children. Then it emerges that the papers in many European countries still look as though Lord Northcliffe had never lived. Not knowing, as yet, the value and importance of divorce, sex-crime, and cruelty, they leave their readers in comparatively comfortable ignorance of the horrifying lives endured by children in places where ignorance and misery are to be found—and in some places where they are not. But above all, most of those countries have no special organisations, voluntary or official, for the prevention of cruelty to children—and for the prosecution of people whose cruelty it is found impossible otherwise to stop. To quote a Polish stepfather, recently charged by an inspector of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children because he had brutally thrashed a little boy, "We don't have people like you in my country." If, indeed, it were not for the N.S.P.C.C., the cruelty figures in the annual Criminal Statistics would be much less disturbing, while if the Society could extend its work as it wants to—or even if the public used the Society as it should—they would be far worse. As in the years before the Society was founded in 1884, without it few of these cases would ever come to light: they would remain "nobody's business."

The figures are bad enough, and except for a significant rise during the war they are strangely constant. There is currently no "shocking increase"; there are no known grounds for declaring, as a Sunday newspaper did recently, that "twice as many children are being maltreated to-day as during the harassing days of the war." In the 'Thirties, the annual average of persons convicted in England and Wales was 800 or 900. It was up to 1,350 during the war years, and the last year of the war was the worst, the convictions totalling 1,725. Last year, 1,019 people were dealt with by magistrates and 25 by judge and jury.

Owing to differences in statistical method and territory represented, there are no figures available which would accurately show the contribution to these statistics made by the work of the N.S.P.C.C. But the fact that in 1950 the Society prosecuted in 647 cases—most of which involved two "parents or guardians" as defendants—leaves few to represent the work of the police or of any other prosecutors. As for the responsibility for prosecution, what happens in practice is that most cases of ill treatment or neglect are dealt with by magistrates at the instance of the Society under section 1 of the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, while really grave cases, involving what the law calls "grievous bodily harm," are handed over to the police for prosecution on indictment under the Offences Against the Person Act, 1861. The former offers a maximum penalty (before magistrates) of imprisonment for six months, the latter one of imprisonment for life. (So much for the constantly-heard demand for a stricter statute.) Incidentally, the phrase "grievous bodily harm" has acquired an unnecessarily grave connotation since *Rex v. Ashman* (1858), when the judges held that it did not necessarily mean harm that was either permanent or dangerous. A very high proportion of cruelty cases—a majority, to judge from N.S.P.C.C. case-histories—involve grievous bodily harm. The trouble is, it is of no use invoking this charge unless you want the defendant tried by jury—the "summary" maximum is the same (six months) as under the Children and Young Persons Act; and to get before juries you may have to take months over each case.

The N.S.P.C.C. is perhaps the most misunderstood society in Great Britain. It is no fault of the Society's able publicity service that it is so widely regarded as a mainly punitive organisation, its inspectors being classed with bailiff's men, policemen, and bogy men among those visitors whose knock "always means trouble." It works in a climate of public sentiment that is either temperately passive or white hot, according to the newsworthiness of the latest prosecutions. But in fact it regards every prosecution, apart from sudden cases of serious assaults, as a confession of failure in its own primary work, a last desperate measure when every alternative has failed. As one of its "women visitors" said to me the other day, the word "prevention" in its title should be in huge capitals and underlined in red. And in spite of these circumstances, more than 10,000 people went voluntarily to the Society's inspectors for help during 1950.

Since the Society, by the terms of a Royal Charter of 1895, is now charged officially with the work which it originally undertook voluntarily, and since it derives important and specific powers from the Home Secretary under the Children's Acts and is relied upon by the police as an ally in the work of child-protection, some account of its organisation is necessary to an understanding of the whole question of cruelty to children in this country. By general consent, the backbone of its work is the little army of 270 "inspectors" whose branch areas cover the whole country. Nine of these are women with social service experience, and most of the men are pensioned warrant-officers from the forces, selected with the discrimination made possible by an apparently inexhaustible flow of applicants for the job. (Against a wastage of about 20 a year there are roughly 600 applicants.) They have a training course in general social service work and then a six months' period of probation "on the job." They wear a uniform that many people would take (and undoubtedly do take) for a police uniform, not because they have ever been intended to look or feel like policemen but because police uniform, in the course of recent changes, has gradually approximated to theirs. And there is no doubt that a visit of the uniformed inspector to a couple of feckless or vicious parents, whatever they at first think he is or may be able to do, often has a miraculous effect on them and the subsequent state of the household. The Society has an excusable tendency to attribute all these successes mainly to the personal qualities of its inspectors. Among the inspectors themselves there is less illusion.

For the most part, the inspectors rely on information from the public about ill-treated or neglected children (never, by the way, ignoring anonymous letters), though they are also given information by the police, by probation officers, by doctors and clergy and local government care-committees, and often, too—though not perhaps so often as I should have thought—by school-teachers, whose opportunities for discovering neglect and cruelty are unrivalled. Supporting the 270 inspectors there is now a small but growing number of salaried "women visitors," whose appointment is a new venture in the Society's work and a further proof that its main objective is rehabilitation and its main enemy the wretchedness of parents with no conception of true family life. These visitors, who are not required to have academic diplomas or special experience, are carefully trained in the rudiments of child welfare and social science and then posted to suitable areas for full-time case-work under an inspector. It is already clear that they are needed for the work of keeping homes going while parents are in prison, always a matter of supreme difficulty and exactly relevant to the question whether prison sentences usually serve the purpose intended. There are about 50,000 "honorary workers" who, besides watching for specific cases of cruelty or neglect, participate in appeals for funds and make the Society's work known.

The cases reported to the N.S.P.C.C. involve about 100,000 children every year. "And people are much more concerned about these," says one of the Society's leaflets, "than they were about the annual 150,000 dealt with at the beginning of the century." Failing, in rather less than 2 per cent. of all these cases, to rehabilitate the homes in which they find the children, by procuring public assistance, blankets, food, clothing, home-help, better accommodation, house repairs, and employment—and by patching up failing marriages—then they prosecute.

Certain recurring phrases in the inspectors' reports go to the root of the problem:

"The parents admit that they are unable to control their daughter."
"This mother has little or no idea of housekeeping."
"The mother seems worn out since the birth of her last baby and cannot manage her big family."
"The children have never sat down at a table to meals."
"The household has absolutely no cutlery."
"The child is illegitimate—born of a different father before the marriage."

Here then, sketchily, is the outline of a situation which is a cause of deep distress and indignation to millions of newspaper-readers. In a further article I shall try to show what more can be done to improve it, with special regard to the way in which the present laws are enforced, and to the popular demand for heavier prison sentences and the old penal-philosophical problems of retribution, fear, deterrence, and "example."

C. H. ROLPH

(To be concluded)

Unfinished Business

THAT the International Refugee Organisation, responsible since 1947 for the resettlement overseas of over a million refugees, is—after several reprieves—finally closing down at the end of the year, may give an altogether false impression that no refugee problem remains in Western Europe. The I.R.O. is closing down, not because the job is finished, but because the U.N. member nations which supported it have cut off their funds. In Western Germany, Austria, Greece and Trieste the influx of new refugees is steadily increasing. In Western Germany alone, non-Germans—as distinct from expelled or migrant persons of German ethnic origin who are still another problem—are officially listed as crossing the frontier at the rate of 50,000 a year, and more get through without official knowledge. When the last few remaining field posts of the I.R.O. shut down at the end of December, there will be no adequate machinery to deal with this continuing mass movement of peoples across frontiers. In Western Germany there is at present no concerted Allied or West German Federal Government policy, and in the U.S. Zone, into which the bulk of non-German refugees cross the Czech and Austrian frontiers, there is widespread confusion.

Day in, day out the radios of the democracies exhort the peoples of the "satellite" countries to resist and escape. U.S. policy concerning those seeking asylum has been defined by Mr. John J. McCloy, U.S. High Commissioner in Germany.

> It is in accord with the best democratic traditions to endeavour to protect and assist those fleeing from persecution. That is the policy of the Government of the United States. In practical

terms this policy means to-day, among other things, that U.S. authorities here and in other areas under American control will not return political refugees to Soviet orbit countries where their freedom or even lives would be in jeopardy.

But what, in fact, has been happening to many who take the sentiments at face value and obey the exhortations? For thousands who have crossed into the U.S. Zone, their introduction to the Western way of life has been from one to thirty days' imprisonment. For the technical offence of illegally crossing the German border men, women and children have been herded in German prisons, often as many as half a dozen to a cell. In this Zone, Law 161—retained in Allied hands in the immediate post-war years in order to prevent possible abuse of other nationals by the Germans—has been applied against the very kind of people it was intended to safeguard. The need for reasonable security precautions is obvious, but to be sentenced, and stigmatised, as common criminals, and *after* being cleared for security, has caused unnecessary suffering and deep bitterness among thousands of refugees, and in many cases has added to their already formidable difficulties in being accepted by immigration missions.

Since the hand-over from the I.R.O., the West German Federal Government is responsible for the maintenance of non-German refugees but has no jurisdiction over them. The Allied Powers offer no direct help towards keeping them alive, but they are responsible for their jurisdiction, and they are vitally interested in them initially for security purposes. The result of this divided authority in the U.S. Zone has been that refugees arrested by the German police on crossing the frontier or in seeking help from local authorities are gaoled and handed over to the American Counter-Intelligence Corps and the Military Intelligence Service for screening. The majority are quickly cleared for security; but, confronted by thousands in their courts, the Administration judges and magistrates have found themselves obliged to administer the civil law for illegal border crossing. In one *Kreis*, over a period of four months the judge sentenced every single refugee to 15-30 days. His severity became so well-known in Czechoslovakia that Czechs preparing to escape avoided crossing the frontier into his district. In other districts many, especially those with children, were given nominal sentences of less duration than they had already spent in gaol awaiting a hearing. Released from prison they were sent to Valka Camp, near Nuremberg, the largest non-German refugee camp in Bavaria, where they were *immediately interrogated and screened again in identical manner by other Intelligence officers*. Ten days' inquiry among officials, including the Head of the Displaced Populations Branch in Bavaria, could elicit no satisfactory answer as to why the double screening was needed, and why imprisonment for a technical offence was necessary at all. Apparently no one had thought of a better way of dealing with the numbers arrested.

This procedure might well be continuing except for the story behind the story of the Czech "Freedom Train." The thirty-one Czechs who asked for political asylum were—not unnaturally—kept under the strictest surveillance by the U.S. Army. Interrogated, screened and re-screened both by military and civil Intelligence for four days, they were finally released in batches, given no clearance papers, and sent to Valka Camp, which is German-administered. German police on duty, hearing one batch was "recent arrivals from Czechoslovakia" and finding them without papers, promptly gaoled them to await a court hearing. As they had the misfortune to reach the camp late on a Friday afternoon, they spent the week-end in gaol until the court re-convened on the following Monday and their identities could be established.

News of this incident reached the State Department. As a result, the gaoling of refugees for illegal border-crossing has been stopped. Refugees are not to be put in prison in future to await screening; they are to be passed on to I.R.O. to determine their political refugee status. While this is a great immediate improvement, it can be no more than a stop-gap, since I.R.O. has but two months to live. Evidence of a continuing lack of any over-all policy suggests that stop-gaps are all that can be hoped for until the problem is either coped with on a sufficient scale by the Allied Occupation Powers, or again put on an international basis.

The West German Federal Government cannot solve it alone. With 10-12 million "infiltrees" and "expellees," as well as non-German refugees, it has not the means. As it is, over 50 per cent. of East Germans are refused refugee status and receive no help beyond the offer of a free railway ticket back across the border. Less than 10 per cent. ever use it. They disperse into the cities and the countryside, and they can be seen in their thousands sheltering under bridges, among ruins and in bunkers, scratching an existence as best they can. Nor can the problem be much eased in Western Germany—let alone in Austria, Greece and Trieste—under the present hopelessly restricted terms of reference of the new U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees. Given scant powers and even less money, he can do nothing to help refugees apart from issuing to some a scrap of paper establishing legal status.

That the I.R.O. is being liquidated prematurely is now evident, even to the Governments chiefly instrumental in ending it. Governments rarely admit mistakes; and, because of political promises, the I.R.O. cannot be revived under its present name. But if the West is not to be accused of cynicism and inhumanity, it is equally evident that a new international agency will have to be set up, either for refugees or to include them in a wider scheme for dealing with surplus labour among European populations. The recent I.L.O. migration scheme, which included refugees in Europe, fell heavily at its first international airing at the Naples Conference. It seems unlikely to survive, and it is more than doubtful if the I.L.O., with its tri-partisan pressures, is the ideal organisation to take on the job.

The biggest contribution to any such plan would of course have to come from the U.S. The part it might be willing to play was indicated in the State Department's recent announcement that it is working on a provisional plan to move 115,000 refugees and surplus European population in one year, at an operational cost of $34,000,000. It is to submit its proposals at an international conference to be held in Europe before the end of the year. Both Houses of Congress have already approved $10,000,000 for dealing with migration problems under mutual security legislation. But whether and how soon these funds are released, or the larger plan becomes a reality, depends on the response from other countries, and needs a reversal of attitude on the part of those who were most anxious to shut down the I.R.O. Some have already relented; others, including the United Kingdom, still seem daunted by the magnitude of the problem. Yet perhaps the gravest feature of the Cold War is its mass production of refugees—a mounting shadow on the world's map of human wretchedness.

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Boiling Mutton

My butcher leaned on the counter and ignored the queue. The queue gazed at him docilely and, shuffling its centipedal feet in the sawdust, fell to a low, resigned murmuring. They recognized the unqualified ability of their butcher to talk, and of this recognition he availed himself at about tri-weekly intervals. Normally, he was a saturnine man, resembling somewhat a plump bus driver whose irregular meals have disagreed with him; or an auctioneer who quarrels with his wife. He carried with him, as it were, the detritus of a once solid prosperity and good humour. But from time to time some hidden fountain sprang up, some unseen clot was dissipated, and the stream of inspiration flowed.

On such occasions the part of sounding board was not onerous, provided the elect vessel remained unembarrassed and knew the rules. One acted merely as a solitary "claque," one pointed the phrases and recognized the quotations; for our butcher is literary. Above all, it was fatal to contradict. I have it on good authority that the puristic wife of the local Congregational Minister went without liver for a year because she affirmed that Milton wrote "fresh woods and pastures new," not "fields." "Ever heard of apt alliteration, Miss?" he had said, and had remained silent for a month.

The symptoms this morning were unpromising. It was unusual for a man to fill the post of confidant. I feared some difficult gambit.

The silence became almost oppressive, and I found myself watching the disconsolate tap-tapping of a bluebottle on the window pane. From the queue floated the usual domestic scraps, and now and then a voice assumed a minatory tone for the benefit of its offspring.

"D'you know what, Mister?" Thank goodness, the crisis was upon us. "I had a woman inspector in here yesterday. A blinking Food Enforcement Officer. D'you know what I say to her, 'Young Woman, you are a wolf in mink clothing, you are', I said, 'wolf in mink clothing.'" He turned the *mot* over in his mind, and laughed: cavernous bellowings that were reminiscent of the days when butchers dealt in barons of beef and ounces were unknown quantities.

I sensed that the subject might prove unpopular with the queue, and began to weigh up the relative dangers in taking sides. I recognized, behind me, the garage manager's wife. On her husband's ability depended the possibilities of protracting the life of my ancient and overworked motor car. I knew her to be an opinionated member of the Housewives' League, so mentally I decided for the feminists.

"D'you know what?" went on my butcher, "I've been reading about them; 'History of Bureaucracy,'—in Morocco", he added ambiguously. "The thin edge of the wedge was female clerks. They kept them behind locked doors, and no men over sixteen was allowed near them. Fearsome they are; a woman out of 'er place is like a spanner in the works. A flaming nuisance, a ruddy anachronism."

I discerned a distinct inclination near the tail of the queue to regard this final epithet as insulting. I imagined I saw mounting contempt for me as a champion of the rights of woman in the eyes of the garage manager's wife. I even toyed with the desperate idea of asking my butcher to wrap my meat up and keep it for me. But from that piece of craven folly I was restrained by the renewed onslaught.

"Women police, women bus conductors and women soldiers," he said, "It fair curdles my blood." There was more murmuring behind me.

"Have y'ever been inside, Mister?" he said. I puzzled over the question until some uncomplimentary laughter in the queue gave me the context. "No," I said. The temerity to add, "Have you?" was not vouchsafed me.

"Friend of mine," he said, "dealer in scrap metal got put by for six months. Very unfortunate he was. Very interesting stories he has to tell if you can believe him. 'Fred,' he always says, 'if you get put inside, get put in for something worth while. Knock an old woman down and rob her. Enter burglariously with a firearm. They treat you with consideration then,' he said. 'You wear a yellow band on your arm and have a room to yourself—very comfortable. But never, I implore of you,' very dramatic way of speaking my friend had, 'get put in for receiving scrap metal that you never saw any of anyhow.' And d'you know, Mister," said my butcher perorating, "d'you know what was the final jot and tittle that broke poor George's heart, that made him take to keeping budgerigars?" The queue gazed with bovine interest, calculating the dwindling possibilities of cooking the dinner before the children came home from school. "They put him," said my butcher, his voice assuming a pathetic, almost threnodic tone, "in the charge of a wardress and a woman police sergeant."

I suppose it must have been vainglory, coupled with fear of the garage manager's wife, that led to my downfall. I knew my butcher's political opinions from former occasions when I had not been a protagonist. I knew his favoured candidate to be a woman. "What do you think of Mrs. X as an M.P.? I said.

He looked at me puzzled, displeased, the old decay settling down on his features again. "Sir," he said, and I trembled at the formal address, "politics are different. It's civil servants I can't abide." He knew my calling. Giving the thrust time to sink in, he flung over his shoulder to a minion in the back, "Piece of boiling mutton for the gentleman," and turned his silent attention to my successor. The queue picked up its baskets and moved forward.

J. W. Carson.

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BONNARD AND VISUAL REALITY

". . . British art cannot indefinitely labour under the burden of inferiority with which it has been saddled by Roger Fry and his friends. The notion that a sense of plastic values provides the only valid criterion of the visual arts is pure prejudice. . . ." These words from a book review in *The Listener* last week are not an isolated case of insular aesthetics going hand in hand with natural pride: on the contrary, they epitomise a widespread change in the aesthetic climate, a change which has lately involved an inversion of meaning in a number of key words in the critical vocabulary. I suppose I am young enough to be old-fashioned on the subject of Fry. For me he is still the greatest English art critic since Ruskin. Critics a lot older than myself, but younger than Fry, have, inevitably, pointed out his limitations: he does not, of course, conform to the more recent pattern for art critics—he was a man of strong conviction, passionate insight and, therefore, blind spots (thank goodness!). This contrasts markedly with the more scientific critic of to-day, to whose more "objective" outlook a blind spot is more to be deplored than the corresponding insight is to be desired. Fry was out of sympathy with German art: and, more important, he failed to see that the "significant form" (Mr. Bell's phrase) of, say, one of Cézanne's apples derived that significance as much from a real apple as from the element of abstract rotundity it embodied.

This showed a bias in favour of that pictorial ingredient we now variously refer to as the abstract, architectural, structural, compositional, geometric (even) or formal element. But twenty-five years ago such a bias was a positive revelation. It acted upon English pictorial thought and practice as dynamically and decisively as the writings of D. H. Lawrence did—in another sphere. In making this emphasis Fry was very much in sympathy with the creative developments of the time: cubism and constructivism were between them progressively excluding the subject from painting and sculpture. But I think we can safely surmise that the logical result of this process of abstraction (which gained his most infectious enthusiasm *so long as it was still in harness* to a figurative end) would have proved far too logical for his liking. For above all Fry was true to his fantastically sensitive eye: theory stumbled along in the wake of sensibility. He would have admitted that, with the pure abstraction of to-day, the traditional balance—form *and* content—has been lost, form having ousted non-formal content completely. But he would not for that reason have been disposed, as many are to-day, to welcome a new and opposite disequilibrium, a sort of revived Pre-Raphaelitism, in which the emotive subject-matter is rendered at the cost of all formal instinct. Unfortunately these two extremes, these two aesthetic heresies, of pure abstraction on the one hand and expressionist figuration on the other, are much in favour just now: the central tradition, in which the impulse to abstract is checked by the impulse to communicate "a subject", and in which that subject is divested of its fiercer emotive overtones because it has been translated into formal terms—this is neglected.

There is, however, a perfect example of this amalgam of abstraction and figuration in the immense painting by Bonnard, *L'Eté* (*circa* 1907: it is 8ft. 6in. high and 11ft. 2in. long), now on view at the Hanover Gallery, together with smaller pictures by the same artist and by Vuillard. Hence this homily—since this marvellous picture illustrates our present plight. It shows to what an extent modern painting has recently accelerated its own metamorphosis—an art that should be pre-eminently visual in its sources of inspiration has become merely intellectual: the subtlety of observed shapes has given way to the repetitive rhythm of symbols. The special realm of art, the visual realm, has been increasingly ignored. Painting, we are reminded by this Bonnard masterpiece, has jettisoned its birthright, which is the imaginative interpretation of the infinitely suggestive, infinitely complex texture of visual reality, the reality of the eye. Painting is no longer a window through which we may see familiar sights, but see them afresh because they have been distorted, and given a new twist or accent, by a process that is one of translation, not reproduction. Instead, the function of painting is now more comparable to that of a cinema screen upon which images are projected . . . out of man's dark mind. Thus painting no longer interprets a daylight world: rather, it projects a dream world. The most respectable source of inspiration, the most acceptable starting-point for pictorial procedures is no longer the visual delight of an eye that participates in the life around it: it is, rather, the most private and uneasy seat of an individual's disquiet. And the artist lacking this neurotic qualification is, in effect, advised to concoct one: better a fake disquiet, it seems, than anything approximating to unconcealed delight.

Ours is in many ways a Dark Age, it is true. Yet, as Henry Moore once said in a broadcast conversation, "We mustn't feel sorry for ourselves!" If we succumb to the logic which insists that because we are aware of tragic events the only valid art for us is one that is pessimistic in content and harsh in form, we shall lose more than our capacity to create painting and sculpture. The plastic colour of Bonnard proclaims the anciently valid response of the painter to the world about him: that response is one of delight and amazement and we must recapture it. "The abstract glory of colour and form" (a phrase I thought I once read in Ruskin, but cannot rediscover) cannot be conveyed except in a pictorial language based on plastic values, for space also derives from the plastic. Plastic values, so strong in Bonnard, are optimistic: they must never be denied (as in the Pre-Raphaelites), but they may appear in disguise, as in Picasso and Klee. Plastic and spatial values are the chief values held in common by the most disparate masters: Bonnard, Constable, or Leonardo. They alone confer upon this art its unique outwardness and optimism; without them painting becomes literature. Bonnard is not literature. It is not impossible he may in time be counted the greatest, most humane, least self-conscious painter of the half-century just ended.

PATRICK HERON

TELEVISION NOTES

AN OPEN LETTER TO RENÉ CLAIR

Dear René,

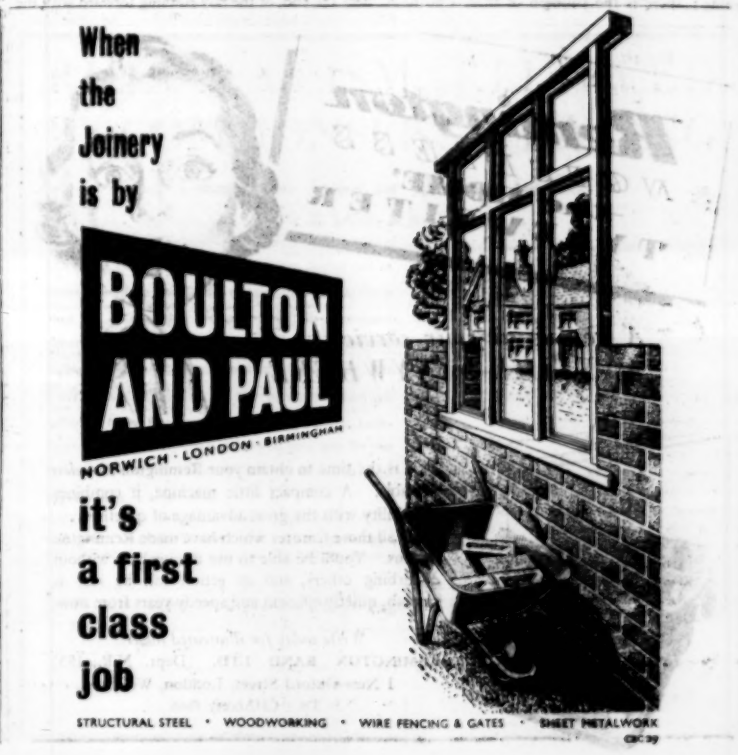
The pleasures of a lecture tour in Yugoslavia, Greece and Cyprus during the past three weeks have cut me off sadly from viewing the modern beauties of British television, but time spent on travel has enabled me to read your new book *Reflexion Faite* in which you have so many astonishing things to say about the film's rival. Although I'm in agreement with almost everything you have to say about the film itself, I must say I hope you're not right on the subject of television. If you are, we are doomed in the near future, as far as I can see, to the amalgamation of film and television into a bastard medium which will fail to inherit the different virtues possessed by its unhappy parents.

You decry first of all that characteristic of television which is usually singled out for the greatest praise—the "direct" or "live" element in its programmes as opposed to elements pre-recorded on film. This may be all right for sports events and other outside broadcasts, you say in effect, but for drama it possesses no virtues at all—who cares whether the scene one is watching is recorded on film or is coming "direct" from the studio; the distinction is purely technical and academic. It is, to quote from your book, "an illusion as puerile as it is dangerous" to base the future of television on the development of this alleged virtue. When sound came to the film, most of the visual suppleness it had gained during the silent period was lost; television must learn this suppleness as the sound film is still doing in the work of the best film-makers, and you claim that the only way it can gain this suppleness technically is by pre-recording plays on film. Following the example of the first sound films, television is tying itself up in the conventions of the theatre. You say television, as far as drama is concerned, is merely a new device for exhibiting films; it is not a medium possessing artistic qualities in its own right. If the film had been invented after instead of before television, it would at once have been adopted by television producers as a technical blessing designed to save them from the chains of "direct" transmission.

I hope I've represented your arguments fairly. They seem to me, first of all, to neglect a most important point for all the narrative arts—the audience and their attitude to the conditions in which they receive the various forms of entertainment provided for them. A novelist can be as long, as short, as discursive or as pithy, as subjective or as objective in his treatment as he likes, precisely because his audience is composed of single readers who can take up or put down his book according to their private needs and feelings. The dramatist in the theatre must cater for an audience which, because they are present in full force, must be kept in a constant state of attention and anticipation by the words and action of the living players in front of them. On the other hand, the audience at a film knows that space and time are at the control of the film-maker, and consequently they expect the suppleness of narration which the medium allows: they also know that the players in front of them are shadows, and that what they see and how they see it depends finally on the skill of the film-maker in presenting carefully pre-selected moments in the acting of the artists. The excitement, therefore, lies just as much in the way the story is presented as it does in the quality of the acting.

Now, for television the audience is mostly broken up into small groups sitting at home. This, I would say at once, demands a slower, quieter, less provocative technique of presentation than is necessary in a film. Whether the home screen becomes fairly large or remains fairly small, the producer will have to concentrate mostly on close shots of the actors, and that is why I think the television drama producer is much more the servant of the actor than is the film-maker, who can and should make full dramatic use of the carefully dressed and lit sets and the far-reaching backgrounds and locations which are proper to the film camera.

But television drama is home theatre with a special technique of its own. Because of its concentration on the actor I hope it will continue to use the live performer, who gives on each occasion he appears a unique performance just as he does in the theatre. For the actor television combines the advantage of the continuous performance right through the play that he is used to in the theatre with the concentration on the details of acting in close shot that he is used to in the cinema. It would be in every way wrong



to sacrifice this unique quality of television by turning it eventually into a home cinema, with no distinction from the public cinema. I believe this would eventually destroy the cinema itself and the public audience for the film. And I believe the home audience for television want the distinction between the two forms of entertainment to be recognised and maintained.

Yours sincerely,
ROGER MANVELL

THE MOVIES

"The Red Badge of Courage," at the Empire (Sundays only)
"Encore," at the Plaza

I wonder what were the thoughts of Emily the Empire girl about *The Red Badge of Courage*? It appears as a Sunday fill-up. It isn't advertised, and anyone walking along the north side of Leicester Square might have some difficulty in discovering its presence. Still, there—within the stride, as it were, of Mr. Red Skelton—you will find it, with all the stigma attaching to a good film. Quite how good, originally, we are not allowed to know; since the version that comes to us lasts barely an hour, having been cut, one imagines, by a third. At least one break in the continuity suggests where scissors have slipped. What survives, however, is remarkable enough for a critic to hazard that here is a film of John Huston's to set beside *The Maltese Falcon* and *We Were Strangers*, and probably his masterpiece.

Taken from Stephen Crane's novel (which I must confess to not having read), it reanimates with great feeling and beauty an incident in the Civil War in which a young soldier, who has turned tail in face of the enemy, redeems himself with foolhardy courage. It confines itself, somewhat after the pattern of *A Walk in the Sun*, to this one incident. There is the restlessness before the battle; there is the battle, coming and going; there is the triumph of those who have proved themselves and survive. The trouble with Milestone's film was that it lacked a poetic centre; one had to be—and with some ingenuity was—supplied. No such difficulty seems to have faced the adapters of *The Red Badge of Courage*. Occasional passages read from the book form a natural and stylish commentary, and—most important—the hero comes to the screen live, appealing, and bearing his author's burden of sensitiveness. The autobiographical flavour has been brilliantly translated to the screen by means of camera movements, so we not only follow this young soldier's actions, but at moments step into his shoes, to experience with his eyes and ears. This device is easily employed by the novelist, but requires tact in a film-maker: a very few touches (granted our sympathies to begin with) will bring about our identification. Huston lets us into his hero's consciousness just enough to add the first person to his narrative of battle. The panorama itself, the grumbling or desperate cheer of the men, the attacks and counter-attacks, the double line of firers and loaders exchanging places, the general going round with his formula of encouragement, the drum-beat of advance, and the hobbling line of wounded coming back: all these are beautifully realised. There is an infernal charm, to any generation, in battles of yesteryear. Huston exploits it to the utmost, while keeping a tight grip on reality. This is the first time—so far as I am concerned—that a film of the Civil War has ever given the sensation of being in the thick of it: hitherto we have been, sometimes excited, onlookers. To pick out particular details for praise, the panicky flight through the wood, and the death of the gaunt soldier who struggles to a small height off the road and exclaims "No, let me be . . . let me be" before falling on his face, seem to me most memorable. The acting is on a par with the camera work, which is saying a lot. On the film's minor defects—a somewhat abrupt transition from fear to dazed heroism, and the sudden appearance, near the end, of the boy running forward with the flag—it would be unfair to insist, since the fault may not lie with Huston. This film more than justifies our hopes of him, which have been at times disappointed.

Encore is the third of Mr. Maugham's films: *his* in the sense that he himself introduces these trios or quartets of tales, and that they please most when they impart the authentic Maugham flavour. The first of these is a gay anti-social fable, of blacksheep getting the better of the family custodian, spoilt only by the unappealingness of the former; the third, taking us into the private life of a death diver on the Riviera, makes the most of its sensational setting, at the expense of Maugham. But the middle piece, directed by Anthony Pelissier, and graced by Kay Walsh, is a winner all the way. It turns the tables with one of Maugham's best bores, an inescapably loud, nice rattle on a winter cruise in the Mediterranean. Two winners next time, please.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Le Livre Anglais," at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

I hope to treat next week at the greater length it deserves this splendid exhibition, organised by the British Council with the collaboration of *La Direction Générale des Relations Culturelles*. What in effect happens in the superb Galerie Mazarine is the animation of a concise history of English literature by exhibiting for all of our major authors (and many minor ones, too) examples of the actual books in which they were either originally or notably printed. Thus, alongside the history of the Works is the history of the Book. Then, to double the interest, in the wide margins which this exhibition has ingeniously allowed itself, is a commentary in the shape of original manuscripts, signatures or letters written by the authors, and on the walls a collection of portraits of them. The book, the face, the handwriting, side by side for comparison; and for amateurs of letters there could hardly be a more intriguing colloquy. There are additional interests for bibliophiles, too: a series of twenty-five illuminated manuscripts which range from the Eighth Century Benediction of St. Aethelward to the Fifteenth Century Missal of Abingdon, while the history of fine binding is traced from a Northumbrian example somewhere before 687, through the centuries up to 1951. The whole is recorded and annotated in a most informative and informed catalogue, and the large committee who have been working on the exhibition for many months deserve congratulation on the way it has turned out and the great interest it is exciting in Paris.

T. C. W.

London Group, New Burlington Galleries

The London Group Exhibition is easy to attack but it is nevertheless unique and everyone interested in contemporary painting should visit it. It is anyway absurd to expect any regular mixed show to contain more than half a dozen really good pictures. This year the 400 works are of much the same standard as last. Perhaps the most outstanding painting is a ravine landscape by David Bomberg. Bomberg's apparently careless and passionate use of paint has much more weight and guts to it and is far more precise in its effect than, for example, Ivon Hitchens'; one is thrilled by a brush-mark as a juicy slash of paint *and* as a precise statement of the angle of declivity of a gully, seen through atmosphere. Several of the other better-known painters are exhibiting interesting pictures but the show is also an opportunity for the lesser known. There is a really very good small landscape (no. 60) by Inlander, a well and patiently worked out old woman's head by Evan Uglow, a bright picture of an aviary by Daphne Chart, a slightly dull but very competent nude by Roy Spencer, a brave attempt at a street hoarding with children clambering over it by John Sewell, a good architectural formalisation by Paul Feiler and a satisfying almost cubist landscape by Benjamin Creme. Brian Robb, of whom I should like to see a one-man show, has an original Crucifixion; but his drawing is sometimes too ambiguous and so tends to distract one into a sort of game of Hunt-the-Slipper.

J. B.

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"Ballet Workshop," at the Mercury Theatre

Three Sundays out of four at the Mercury Theatre, Ballet Workshop experiments in dancing. Some of the new works need firmer direction and guidance. Occasionally (and then even the failures seem worth while) a new choreographer appears whose work captures the imagination. I would not have recommended anyone to go to Ballet Workshop last month; this month, I think everyone should go who can because each of the three ballets has something new to say. Michael Charnley's *Bagatelle*, like his *No Lips of Comfort* in the first programme, has a polish and wealth of invention which I have never before seen at the Workshop. He is a good dancer with a mixed experience of Jooss, the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and American dance methods, all of which influence his choreography to make it exciting and original. Ashley Dukes's *Venus and the Bridegroom*, produced and arranged by David Ellis, with decor by Hugh Stevenson, is an elaborate reminder that the masque is England's special contribution to the history of European ballet. The result is worth the effort but never reaches the level of Charnley's work or of Walter Gore's *Hoops* which the London Theatre Ballet presents. I think this is the first time that a professional company has officially taken part in a Workshop programme, and it is a triumph. The ballet is too big for the Mercury stage, but the dancing and the production have all the enthusiasm, technical competence and polish of last year's television ballet group around whom the company has been formed.

P. B.

"The Princess and the Swineherd," at Toynbee Hall

When a King adjusts his crown, exclaims "I must tell the Emperor," picks up a candle, breaks it in two, puts one piece to his mouth and one to his ear and says "EMP—1," an audience of children will break into delighted laughter. There were many such moments in Nicholas Stuart Gray's skilful adaptation of the classic Hans Andersen story. He has given it a happy ending, and supplied the swineherd-prince with a comic father—Charles Lloyd Pack took every chance with huge gusto—and a foil of a younger brother who tries to cut him out. With its gay settings and dresses the play provides the fantasy and brightness of the fairy-tale world, and draws its humour from the irruption into that world of the humdrum and colloquial—like telephoning. And from the kisses, which immensely amused the schoolchildren who formed the audience recently at Toynbee Hall. If the London Children's Theatre stage this production again in the Christmas holidays, it should be a safe bet for the over-sevens and under-fourteens who like their fairy-tales straight, and not pantomimed.

J. A. S.

"Heloïse," at the Duke of York's

Mr. James Forsyth, the author of this play, is a promising Scottish dramatist. Several of his plays have been broadcast: and one is to be presented later in the season by the Old Vic. *Héloïse* is an attempt to tell quite straightforwardly the famous story of Héloïse and Abelard. A moment's consideration will convince us of the difficulties of this theme as drama, and it cannot truly be said that Mr. Forsyth has successfully tackled any one of them. His version is direct and respectable without being anything more; but neither directness nor respectability are really the needful qualities here. Rather, passion and poetry and intelligence, and above all atmosphere. It is here primarily I think that Mr. Forsyth fails us. He never succeeds in catching us out of the every-day into a climate where such things as he treats of will come alive. The premises of the case are not, after all, simple, and cannot be assumed. We have to be transported by his magic into an atmosphere where doctrine and dogma matter intensely, and where passion crosses both. Mr. Forsyth's language moves steadily, though not quite always happily, between the colloquial and a Fry-ish idiom. The story progresses, but the pace is slow, the climaxes mild, the moods unvarious, the characters stock. It cannot be said that either actors or producer have added as much as they might. Mr. Walter Macken is a lifeless Abelard, who relies entirely on the charm of his Irish accent. Mr. Mervyn Johns is also miscast (but there is too little in his part in the beginning by which he might establish what he is to become), Miss Siobhán McKenna shows at the end what she might have made of the beginning if she hadn't been encouraged to be pert and winsome. Only Mr. John Byron as the villain Supiro and Mr. Esmond Knight as a drunken servant make as much of their parts as they can. And Mr. Terence Morgan, the designer, brings a quite new distinctive talent to the sets and dresses. T. C. W.

John Armstrong, at the Lefevre Gallery

First, something quite practical: stand well back from the larger of these pictures. Armstrong, no longer working in tempera but in oil paint, is not concerned with the texture or surface of his canvasses. Looked at closely, his paint appears smarmy and his realistic forms fussy; but from a distance one appreciates the systematically built-up compositions and the overall, unevasive care of drawing. Armstrong is of course a truly literary painter—which is to say that, having arranged the elements of his picture, he is only interested in the symbolic meaning engendered by their juxtaposition and their psychological or lyrical associations; he is not interested in any meaning directly induced by the way that their visual appearance has been interpreted. Thus, granted the *efficiency* of the design and drawing, one must judge his work by the effectiveness and value of the symbols used. This is extremely difficult to do because invented (as opposed to traditional) symbols tend to date almost as quickly—and to be as temporarily engaging—as fashionable clothes. I suspect that some of Armstrong's symbols will in time fall flat; that his burning roses suspended above the sea, his death of the Harlequin, his woman giving birth to a flow of flowers will eventually seem as trite as the more sentimental symbols of the Pre-Raphaelites. But some, I think, will retain their validity. His best picture, of a woman asleep among entwining nasturtiums, may well remain significant of the gentle but cloying and enveloping nature of Romantic Love for as long as the English are aware—it would be meaningless in France or Italy—of their eccentric, lyrical tradition.

J. B.

Correspondence

LET'S FACE THE FUTURE

SIR,—It is a pity that the entry into a controversy of that distinguished academic figure Dr. Balogh, so far from giving the politicians a lesson in the objective appraisal of all the facts, should so often set a new standard in the calm concealment of at least half the relevant ones. Are we really expected to believe that "the over-loading of the economy" is the sole, or even the major, cause of our present balance of payments difficulties? This is certainly not borne out by the facts. The £200 m. by which the foreign trade deficit for 1951 may be expected to be greater than the Chancellor's estimate last spring is to be accounted for by a worsening on invisible account, (with the loss of Persian oil playing a very large part here), by an increase in import prices still greater than that for which allowance was made, by an increase in the volume of imports. Of these items the first two are clearly not the result of "the over-loading of the economy," and the connection between the rearmament programme and the last item is certainly not very direct. Exports, on the other hand, on which the effect of overloading might have been expected to make itself most felt, are the one factor in the balance of payments equation where performance looks likely to live up to expectation. The truth of the matter is that, in existing world conditions, whether we had mounted a £4,700 m. Defence programme, a £3,600 m. programme or no programme at all, the United Kingdom would have had a balance of payments crisis this autumn.

Now that this position has arisen, however, what is needed is not sterile attempts to prove how right somebody was—which can only be done by a confusion of *post hoc* and *propter hoc*, but a calm reassessment of our capabilities, with our allies in N.A.T.O., taking into account both military needs (which you appear completely to ignore in your leading article "Dollars for Defence?") and economic facts.

ROY JENKINS

House of Commons.

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NAME .....

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SIR,—May I reinforce the appeal which W. E. Fildes makes for greater assistance in winning over the rural areas for Labour? My own constituency of Barkston Ash is not as marginal as his, yet despite the general swing against Labour we polled 18,537 votes and held the majority of 6,618 to within 45 of what it was in 1950. Given a general swing towards Labour and favourable conditions for campaigning, Barkston Ash could be won. Yet we have to work with a part-time agent and not even an old and temperamental car! As candidate, I have no trade union funds and no purse as deep as my opponent who, in 1950, subscribed £1,600 towards his election expenses. Our workers in the strongholds find it difficult because of inadequate communications to assist elsewhere. Although we have founded many local parties, they languish and lapse for lack of attention and consciousness of a link with the centre.

It was heartbreaking to tour the constituency on polling day and to see Conservative Committee rooms and polling agents in every village, the more so because "to fly the flag" is to win votes, especially in feudal areas where voters need to be emboldened to vote Labour and still fear the ballot may not be secret.

Finance and organisation alone can overcome these handicaps. The suggestion of continuous help from a safe seat is excellent. It would not only encourage the rural constituencies but enliven those Labour supporters in areas where large majorities create apathy. We, for example, are next door to Normanton. And we feel to have a peculiar claim upon their support since the altruistic redistribution of 1948 gave them the Labour areas of Surllington and Great and Little Preston (for parliamentary though not for local elections!) and helped to increase the Conservative majority in Barkston Ash from 116 in 1945 to 6,500 in 1950.

Such co-operation, however, will probably have to be inspired from the centre, and it is first necessary for Transport House to become aware of the possibilities of the rural areas. H. VICTOR WISEMAN

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ELECTION POLLS

SIR,—In THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of November 3 an expert pollster correspondent writes: "We are in need of research at a less hectic level" than that of "Six University Professors and An ex-President of The American Statistical Association" which will enable us to understand the British pollster's success in the 1951 election. Further, we are asked to admire for their approach to accuracy "the survey figures of voting intentions and the election results," which were:

	Actual Votes Per cent.	News Chronicle Per cent.	Daily Express Per cent.	Daily Graphic Per cent.
Conservatives ..	48	49½	50	50
Labour	49	47	46	43
Liberal, etc. ..	3	3½	4	7

These percentages in terms of votes on a poll of 28,500,000 would be:—

	Actual	News Chronicle	Daily Express	Daily Graphic
Conservative ..	13,680,000	14,107,000	14,250,000	14,250,000
Labour	13,965,000	13,394,000	13,110,000	12,255,000
Liberal, etc. ..	855,000	997,000	1,140,000	1,955,000

Your correspondent suggests that all the pollsters said the Conservatives would lead by at least 750,000 votes; but Labour led by roughly 250,000 votes. The surveys leads estimated for the Conservatives are:

News Chronicle	Daily Express	Daily Graphic
711,000	1,140,000	1,995,000

Not much "at least" about some of these figures, and if the predicted Conservative leads are coupled with Labour's actual lead, the pollsters' errors appear to be:

News Chronicle	Daily Express	Daily Graphic
- 996,000	1,425,000	2,280,000

These predictions are not reasonably accurate. I hope we will escape these Pollsterics.

H. J. SHARMAN

SEX AND THE VATICAN

SIR,—Although I am not a Roman Catholic, I have a profound respect for the Roman Catholic Church. It is, therefore, with feelings of shock and horror that I read the report of the Pope's recent statements on sexual problems. I believe, and I am sure that many others also believe, that this statement, which, at the least, must cause widespread distress, is contrary to Christian doctrine.

The Pope's remarks about contraception appear to be based on the belief that the only purpose of sexual intercourse is procreation. While this may well be true in the case of the lower animals, I believe that it is not true of mankind. God has raised man above the level of other animals by giving him a mind capable of emotions which he can and should use for obtaining a clearer and fuller understanding of God himself and of His purposes. Love between husband and wife is such an emotion, and I have no doubt that where there is real love, sexual union is not merely a union of bodies but a union of minds having deep spiritual significance and value. It is, therefore, not wrong to have intercourse without intending procreation provided it is remembered that the release of bodily tension is only the physical accompaniment of what is in truth a religious experience.

The Pope is, I am convinced, equally mistaken in saying that, where a doctor has to choose between saving the life of the mother and saving the life of the child, the mother should be sacrificed. The idea underlying this seems to be that from the moment of conception the child has a soul which can only be saved by baptism. If this assumption be made the Pope's conclusion seems inescapable, but no Protestant will believe that a child's soul will suffer because its life has been sacrificed before or at the moment of birth to serve some larger purpose. God is not concerned with numbers of baptisms. His purpose is to bring about the realisation of His Kingdom. The way in which this is to be achieved is not always clear, and when one is faced with such a cruel dilemma the right path must be exceptionally difficult to discern. The doctor's duty is, of course, clear; it is to save both lives if that is humanly possible. If, however, he is doubtful whether his skill will enable him to do this, the decision surely must rest with the mother if she is in a condition to reach a decision, if not, with those who are nearest to her, with the doctor's help.

L. D.

SIR,—My friend Mr. Geoffrey Drain, in your last issue, touches only obliquely, if at all, on the case of the woman who does not go to hospital for her confinement. She will either receive ante-natal care from and be attended, if necessary, in her confinement by an *obstetric practitioner*, i.e. a general practitioner with approved experience who has applied for inclusion in the list, or she will be so looked after by her own general practitioner. In either case, too, the woman has to apply to be and accepted for the purpose by the practitioner.

Once a woman has chosen her medical adviser for her pregnancy and confinement she is able to change only by mutual consent or on appeal to the Executive Council. She has not the virtually automatic right of change which is still preserved in respect of general practitioner services, which right seems to have been mistakenly referred to in the answer to Mr. Sorensen's question in the House on November 15.

Have we any assurance that a Roman Catholic obstetric practitioner, or other general practitioner of that faith, will refer a case to a consultant in the same circumstances and at the same point as would a non-catholic of similar knowledge and experience? To the woman concerned the answer to the question may be a matter of life and death.

It is now of vital importance that a woman should be entitled to know if her attendant, whether consultant or general practitioner, is a Roman Catholic and should have the right to change for that reason alone.

4 Queen Anne's Grove, Enfield, Middlesex. S. R. SPELLER

DIVORCE—AN APPEAL

SIR,—I understand that not very much evidence is being received by the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce. Many people, of course, talk glibly on these subjects but perhaps lack enough knowledge or conviction to put their views before the Commission. We think that this is a pity. We shall see that plenty of evidence in favour of radical reform is before the Commission. We would, however, like all opinions to be put forward. The Commission need the assistance of a full discussion and criticism. They consider the problem to be urgent. May I appeal to our opponents in the churches and to the churches separately or collectively, whatever their views, to help the Commission by providing a written note of evidence.

There are also many other bodies who should have some views on these subjects and who could place relevant facts before the Commission. Psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers of all types, sociologists, workers with children, medical men, teachers, international lawyers must, from the nature of their work, have views on these problems and be able to present facts or make proposals. Members of women's organisations, co-operatives and trade unions, too, often know the injustices of the present law. Have none of the University Departments or the learned societies anything to say about the social effects of the present marriage and divorce laws? They were not backward over the population problem.

Even a resolution passed by a society or one of its branches is helpful. Evidence should be sent to the Royal Commission at 19 Cowley Street, S.W.1.

R. S. W. POLLARD

Marriage Law Reform Society,
20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE CHURCH

SIR,—One usually sits bolt upright when reading an article by Dr. Joad, ready to be provoked by both argument and conclusion. His recent article on the Church did not disappoint, although it provoked more agreement than usual from at least one person identified with the official side of the Church's worship and work.

I would only like to dissent from his statement that "at Oxford and Cambridge, the new interest in Christianity finds its chief expression in the worship of what used to be called the 'High' churches." There is undoubtedly such a new interest in the worship of those churches which use an "elaborate ceremonial," but there is a similar growing attendance at churches with a genuine evangelical tradition.

In Cambridge, to my personal knowledge, there are several churches with a strong evangelical emphasis which are packed out at the morning service during term. On Sunday evenings, too, college chapels are much fuller than they used to be. If I may speak of what I know best, it is significant to me that this year there are more than 300 Methodists in the University, meeting weekly in 28 inter-collegiate groups to discuss the message of the Bible for to-day, a bigger number than ever before.

The point is, I believe, that wherever the supernatural nature of Christianity is being stressed, whether in "high" or "low" churches, undergraduates at any rate are prepared to listen and learn. I doubt if this means there is a revival of religion; but it is pretty certain it means that many thoughtful people are more willing to weigh the claims of Christianity to-day than their predecessors were twenty years ago.

Someone who has lived in this University for thirty years, and whose judgment is widely respected, has recently told me that there is a profound difference between the post-war generation he knew as an undergraduate, and the present generation of students. In the 1920s there were plenty of pagans who could lightheartedly enjoy their paganism; to-day there are still plenty of pagans but underneath they are miserable about it.

I seem to see undeniable evidence of this, and believe Professor Joad is quite right in saying there is a new interest here in Christianity, even if he has been only partially informed of the expression it is taking.

Cambridge. DONALD ROSE

THE BANK RATE

SIR,—By increasing from 3 to 3½ per cent. the rate of interest on local loans, the Chancellor of the Exchequer imposes on Nottingham City Council, in respect of its extensive Clifton housing estate now being developed, an additional interest charge of £62,000 a year initially. This means either an extra 3*s.* 6*d.* a week on the rent of each house, or an added rate of sevenpence in the £ on the whole city, decreasing to nil at the end of 60 years. Doubtless other local authorities are hit in the same way.

This transaction in no wise helps the nation's overseas balance of payments. All it does is to transfer money from the pockets of ratepayers (or, alternatively working-class tenants) to those of the City of London gentlemen who comprise "the money market".

Even if—as the Chancellor vaguely hinted—local authorities are compensated wholly or partly with an adjustment of the housing subsidies, it will remain true that all the people as taxpayers are to be burdened for the benefit of a mere handful of the Conservative Party's friends.

House of Commons H. NORMAN SMITH

EDUCATION IN DANGER

SIR,—Mr. G. D. H. Cole, in his timely article on "Education in Danger," makes a statement which needs some amplification if it is not to be seriously misleading.

He says, "Since 1900 the number of teachers in grant-aided schools has nearly doubled, and the number of pupils per teacher has fallen from 48 to 27."

These figures are correct, and indicate a great improvement in teaching conditions, but let nobody conclude that the average size of classes in our State schools is 27. That figure is obtained by including teachers who are not in charge of classes. A large proportion of these are specialist teachers (most of whom are in secondary schools); others are Headmasters and Headmistresses who are so burdened by administrative duties that they have no time to teach.

Consider the case, quite typical, of a primary school of 210 children with seven teachers, of whom one is a non-teaching Head and another is a "supernumerary," specialising perhaps in Art or Music or Physical Education, but without a class of his own. The number of pupils per teacher is only 30, but the average number of children per class is 42.

Now, it is not difficult for a teacher to control a class of 42 children, nor yet to instruct them, but it is quite impossible to give them the individual attention which is necessary if they are to be effectively educated.

There is nothing in the 1944 Education Act to limit the size of classes, but the Ministry has issued regulations prescribing a maximum of 30 children for secondary schools and 40 for primary schools (to be reduced later to 30). There is, however, an escape clause which makes the regulations meaningless.

In 1950, there were only 64,937 classes with 30 children or less, compared with 106,528 classes with more than 30 children. Of these, 37,106 classes had more than 40 children, while 1,557 classes had more than 50!

Year after year the conferences of the teachers' organisations pass resolutions demanding the reduction of classes. To achieve this, two things are manifestly necessary:

(1) The school building programme must be greatly speeded up.

(2) Effect must be given to the recommendation of the McNair Committee "that the salaries of teachers in primary and secondary schools should be substantially increased."

44 Addison Road, B. B. MAGER
Caterham-on-the-Hill,
Surrey.

ROTORSTATION

SIR,—Lord Douglas of Kirtleside says "A helicopter is a rotor," which term seems to be compendious for a rotatory motor. Those who favour Anglic or Saxon roots may prefer to call a helicopter a *screw-wing*, or, if the double double-U is too troublesome for slovenly Sassenach lips, a *wing-screw*. The ground it lands on might be a *wing-screw-place*. Grecisers might like to dub it a *helicopterostasis*, familiarly a *helistas*, which is certainly not so barbarous as the current "aerodrome."

Tayport, Fife. DOUGLAS YOUNG

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

SIR,—In your issue of October 27 Mr. David Reeves (referring to my article "Shadow over Books,") asks "why the author is not to be considered as providing any money or taking any risk" and "to whom publishers look for their means of livelihood if not to authors."

I am sorry if I managed to convey to him the impression that I regard authorship either as a calling which costs the author nothing, or as other than the primary activity without which publishers would have nothing to publish. But I cannot imagine how he discovered these ridiculous opinions in my article, which was straightforwardly concerned with the economics of book-publishing, and made no pretence whatever to deal with anything except the financial difficulties of the publishing industry, consequent upon inflation and high taxation.

24 Russell Square, GEOFFREY FABER
London, W.C.1.

ON WINE

SIR,—Your reviewer of Raymond Postgate's new book on Wine makes some very curious statements. Graves is not a "sweet fluid." Who says that "Bordeaux wines are the only ones worth knowing in detail"? The great Burgundies are the equal of the great Bordeaux, and the ordinary wines of Burgundy and the Côtes du Rhône can stand against the ordinary Bordeaux without any fear of the comparison—and have characteristics of their own quite unlike and every bit as desirable as those of other districts. Many wine lovers will raise their eyebrows at the expression "every skilled wine-drinker . . . speaks slightingly of Champagne." There is absolutely no "perhaps" about the reliability of many South African wines and plenty of wines from other countries, too.

Finally, of course, Mr. Postgate is "cool" on gin: what is there to say about a characterless, manufactured, unmatured spirit, which is all that modern gin is? And there is nothing curious about his enthusiasm for rum, which is as much an individual spirit subject to seasonal and other influences as are whisky and brandy.

Old Vicarage, R. E. H. GUNYON
Boley Hill, Rochester.

SOUTH AFRICAN RACIALISM

SIR,—It is a continuous source of surprise to me that South Africans, whom one might assume to have a more objective outlook on the racial position in South Africa, continue to subscribe to the prejudiced attitude voiced in England. Admittedly, the situation is far from ideal or harmonious, but exaggerations as voiced by Mr. Burchard are responsible for a great deal of the misunderstanding and false perception that exist abroad.

Even Mr. Davidson, whose reports I consider a model of objectivity, fails to face both sides of the problem adequately.

The European population in this country is caught between two evils and in the interest of self-preservation must choose the lesser one—a sudden increase of political and social status to the non-European population in this country (as also in the Rhodesias) could have just as catastrophic results on the European minority as an armed uprising.

This self-evident danger is appreciated by all the existing parties, and even the most liberal-minded South Africans advocate that any political and social advancement should match the pregress and development of the non-European.

Johannesburg H. MACHLUP

THE PLAYERS' THEATRE

SIR,—I am preparing a book on the history of the Players' Theatre. In Stuart and Park's "The Variety Stage" (1895), details are given of Hungerford Hall in the locality of Hungerford Market, and the Swan Tavern "by the side of the river and swallowed up in the construction of Charing Cross Railway Station." As it seems possible that either one place or the other may have been the site of the present Players' Theatre, the information is valuable. Research at the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum has so far proved fruitless. Can any of your readers help? I will of course take great care of and return any written material sent.

The Players' Theatre. PAUL SHERIDAN
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Books in General

History is for us what the classics were for our ancestors. It is the largest school in our universities; it ranks second only to fiction in the lists of publishers; and it is the bran-tub from which we make a lucky dip for generalisations on social behaviour or the character of individuals. It is right that most professional historians should put first the merits of research. History can no more flourish without it than the classics can keep going without accurate texts. But we also need the professional historian who can raise his head from the researcher's desk and ask what we are up to: point to our defects and make the generalisations which are dangerously left to the Toynbees and other historical speculators. The younger generation of historians is disturbingly short of these (younger means, absurdly enough, anyone under fifty); and Professor Butterfield is performing a great service both to historians and the wider public when he acts as intermediary between the two. He is the only serious historian of our generation who has attempted to examine the history of science and who has brought Christian morality into history. His previous works had one defect. They were diffuse. They lacked bite and precision. His new book* is his most effective. In form a collection of occasional pieces, it has the unity of a single theme. It discusses different aspects of the historian's task; and the essay-form has disciplined Mr. Butterfield, making his thought clearer and more compact. He is still not a brilliant writer, and this is all to the good. We have quite enough clever historians; and we need someone to remind us that, the more we generalise and simplify, the more we get away from the opaqueness of the historical material.

Years ago Mr. Butterfield made a discovery which established his fame. This discovery was the Whig interpretation of history, not so novel an idea as he made out, but a discovery all the same. The English history that was being taught and practised was, he claimed, a version imposed on the past for the benefit of the present; events were studied not for themselves, but always because they were supposed to be growing into something else and finally, of course, into the glorious British constitution of the Victorian age. But what is the alternative to Whig history? The obvious answer would be: Tory history. Mr. Butterfield did not like this answer, and he has long been fumbling for another one. Now he has found it; and the answer is: "technical history." This answer serves his purpose in another way. Though Mr. Butterfield is a professed Christian, he does not care for the relentless moral fervour with which Lord Acton denounced every historical character before the bar of Christianity. Mr. Butterfield expects Christians to behave as Christians and he tells them so; but when he comes to this wicked world, he is prepared to examine it according to its own rules. The great scientists of the seventeenth century believed that they were serving the glory of God when they discovered the laws which governed the Universe; and "in the field of history the Christian should be the first and most extreme in demanding the scientific attitude." The historian, Mr. Butterfield says, must "empty himself" (an infelicitous phrase) before he turns to the study of the past or even of the present. Here again is technical history, as opposed to the history of moral judgments.

Mr. Butterfield has also some good things about technical history in another sense. The great literary historians of the past, he says, were concerned with narrative. They wanted to find out what happened and set this out in a pleasing form. The present-day historian is concerned with analysis: he wants to know why things happened, to show cause and effect rather than a simple sequence of events. There can be no doubt that this is a true account of the present trend. The work of Neale and Namier, which shines pre-eminent in modern English history, gives abundant confirmation of it. It would be wrong to exaggerate the conflict between the two schools. The literary historian who understands something of deeper causes will write a better narrative than if he were confined to the clash of personalities and accumulated facts; and on the other hand the analytic historian needs to present his results with grace and art, as our two great examples do. In fact no historian attains the highest excellence whose work cannot be read for pleasure as well as with intellectual profit. Still there is a difference. The analytical historian is "technical" in Mr. Butterfield's sense. Neale and Namier have "emptied themselves," where Froude and Lecky did not.

There is nothing more difficult than to state the obvious in a convincing way, perhaps also nothing more dangerous. When Mr. Butterfield makes the case of "technical history," every historian will second him and will be inclined to say that it is the only history deserving of the name. Clearly the historian must be historically-minded when he approaches the past. How dreary and barren we now find those histories of the seventeenth century which explain everything by the wickedness of Charles I or of Cromwell; how unsatisfying even the modern compromise which acquits or condemns both. We need rather to understand what was in their minds and to grasp the "tragic inevitability," in Mr. Butterfield's phrase, of the conflict between Cavaliers and Roundheads. We must judge men according to their standards, not according to ours. At this point I rebel; and I do not care whether it is rebellion against Ranke as well as against Butterfield. It is all very fine to say that we must find out what Cromwell or Napoleon was trying to do instead of having a preconceived notion of what they ought to have done. But where is this process to stop? We can bring ourselves to understand why the Roman Church set up and operated the Inquisition; we can even understand why Hitler wanted to exterminate the Jews. Can we let it go at that? Is it enough to say: "the Inquisition tortured and burnt thousands of heretics; Hitler sent millions of Jews to the gas-chamber. They did a fine job according to their lights"? Pursue this argument to its logical conclusion and the only wicked Nazis were the ones who tried occasionally to spare a political opponent or a Jew.

Men have to have something to admire; and the worst of technical history is that the only thing it leaves them to admire is technique. "Statecraft" is all that matters. Napoleon was unrivalled as a general; Bismarck as a diplomat; Lenin as a revolutionary. They went wrong only when they made mistakes. It is strange indeed that the Christian Butterfield should join hands with Professor Carr and out-do Machiavelli. The explanation is not far to seek. Christianity and humanism are incompatible. Mr. Butterfield believes in God; therefore he does not believe in men. He holds, no doubt correctly, that only Christians can be judged according to the rules of Christianity; and so does not judge others at all. He does not discriminate among unregenerate mankind; or rather, the only distinction he makes is that some are cleverer than others. It is very revealing that Butterfield avows himself as a Marxist for practical purposes: "Technical history *is* the materialist interpretation of the past." He only complains, rightly enough, that Marxists are not sufficiently skilful and flexible in applying their own technique.

But can any technical history produce satisfactory results even from a technical point of view? In some of the most provocative essays in the book Mr. Butterfield approaches contemporary events with a historian's detachment. As elsewhere in the book, there are many good things well said. Much innocent pleasure can be derived from his strictures on the so-called "independent historians" who are hired by the Foreign Office and other government departments and who yet claim to present the record with complete detachment. Even here I doubt whether he has hit the centre of the target. He seems to fear that vital evidence will be concealed; the real danger is that too much material is being published, because of an exaggerated respect for the documents and for those who produced them. Still it is always agreeable to see an arrow being discharged at the great and respectable even if it hits them in the wrong place. But Mr. Butterfield makes also a judgment of events. He argues that the great issue which dominated the first half of the twentieth century was the struggle between Germany and Russia for the mastery of Central and Eastern Europe; and he even inclines to underwrite the German case that they were "the guardian and bulwark of a thing which they called Western Civilisation." He goes on to suggest that British policy abandoned the Balance of Power when it backed Russia against Germany in 1914 or 1941. He recommends instead the Bismarckian maxim:

> Let the rascals fight it out if they like; but intervene to prevent whichever one it might be from destroying the other; because it is necessary for the safety of civilisation that both should exist and operate as a check upon one another.

* *History and Human Relations*. By Herbert Butterfield. *Collins*. 10s. 6d.

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The best comment on this comes from another essay: "Some of the best diplomatic historians I ever met were almost the worst diplomats in the world when it came to transacting business in real life." The Balance of Power is not so simple as Mr. Butterfield supposes: you have to weigh things as well as names, and the evidence is there in both wars that Germany would have knocked Russia flat if the weight of everyone else had not been thrown in the other scale. Leaving this aside, Butterfield is judging things from the outside, without any real feeling for their heart and sense. He alleges that historians for the last thirty years have been putting all the blame on Germany, simply because we went to war with Germany in 1914. Again he has his facts wrong: the disease of British (and American) history has been to be obstinately sympathetic to the German case. When Mr. Butterfield criticises British hostility to Germany, he will have every "impartial" historian with him. Max Beloff once pointed out that Communists will soon be the only people to have absolute security of tenure in their jobs: no one will dare to dismiss a Communist, for fear of being accused of political prejudice. Similarly, it is almost impossible to tell the truth about the German record without being labelled "anti-German" and losing one's claim to academic reputation. Yet, oddly enough, historians can provide the raw material for Anglo-American policy without running any risk of being called "anti-Russian." If I had to choose, I'd rather be anti-German and pro-Russian than the other way round; but this seems to me true "impartiality," not a matter of personal taste. There is the real difficulty. The historian does not only deal with men; he is a man himself, and nothing will turn him into a technician.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

FESTIVAL

Stand on the bridge. Look down at the jewelled dark.
Half-close your eyes. Now let your thoughts embark.
And through those marvels mirrored in the travelling tide,
Amazed explorers, softly let them glide.
Water and light and colour, shapes which the eye
In the heart's own image construes,
Free, being distant, joyfully to refuse
All but an inner landscape's jubilant reality;
Marrying light and water, free to build
Mansions no draughtsman, but a dream, designed,
Founded in childhood, never, till now, fulfilled—
The fabulous Babylon dormant in every mind!

Stand on the bridge. Look up at the tinted clouds,
Mirrors, too, less clear, of the lights below.
Inwardly sail and then with the homing crowds
Drift quietly homewards, before the glow,
Stifled, dies in your eyes. If you linger, keep still;
Do not ask for more, the nearness, tangible,
Of the beckoning grounds. To enter is only to learn
That dreams are drearily furnished, with odds and ends,
Dregs of the human day most bright when they burn
In vision's devouring radiance, the fire that transcends.
Gaze and move on, lest metal and glass reveal
That we live by glitter, that only the glitter is real.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

FEEDING THE WORLD'S MILLIONS

Four Thousand Million Mouths. By F. Le Gros Clark and N. W. Pirie. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Within the lifetime of some of our children the world's population may be expected to reach 4,000 millions. It stands at present at about 2,300 millions; and it is said to be increasing at the rate of about 1 per cent. per year . . . How shall we work the miracle of feeding the 4,000 millions?" With these words the editors, Mr. F. Le Gros Clark and Mr. N. W. Pirie, preface a group of essays by well-known experts each showing how his particular branch of knowledge can be used for the performance of this "miracle." Mr. Le Gros Clark begins with an historical outline of the relations between population numbers and food supplies, and then follow ten essays on the production and conservation of food, with special emphasis on the possibilities of improvement. Next comes a thoughtful account of soil conservation by G. V. Jacks in which the underlying principles are set out with his accustomed lucidity; he lays special emphasis on the inevitability of soil deterioration and even erosion when virgin land is brought into cultivation unless agricultural systems can be worked out for the different regions that will give the same protection as the natural climax vegetation had done. Soil deterioration, he suggests, is typical of rising and of declining civilisations, but not of civilisations at or near their zenith. So it occurs in the Americas and the Antipodes; also in China and India; but not in Western Europe. Restorative measures are much more likely to be effective in the regions of rising civilisation than where it is declining; they will still further increase the food surpluses of the Americas and the Antipodes but are less likely to help China and India—he does not however say what can be done for them.

F. Yates follows with a discussion of the extent to which output of food can be increased by the use of fertilisers. In pre-war days the farmyard manure produced by feeding imported grains and oil seeds to our livestock was the chief supply of plant food for our crops, but since the war these have been cut off. Fertility is now maintained by fertilisers, and our farmers now use about three times as much as they did before the war. Even so the limit has not been reached and the output of food might be raised as much as 25 per cent. by giving optimum dressings. By expressing the amounts of food produced in terms of starch equivalent (a simple alternative to calories), Dr. Yates is able to express our food problem concisely and quantitatively. The total annual requirement for the United Kingdom population is 12.7 million tons of starch equivalent, of which 5.1 million, i.e., 40 per cent., are home-produced. Our fields, however, produce 22.6 million tons annually. No less than 19.4 million tons are fed to animals which return only about 10 per cent. in the form of human food. Obviously if we were driven to it we could cut down this 86 per cent. that goes to the animals and have a larger share ourselves. These figures can be converted into million calories by multiplying by 4: the average annual consumption of calories per head in the United Kingdom is about one million.

Crops vary greatly, however, in their power to make human food: sugar beet and potatoes are our most efficient followed rather far off by wheat. But different varieties of the same crop also differ, and S. C. Harland in a somewhat spicily written chapter sets out some of the achievements of the plant selector and the plant breeder. It is a remarkable fact that less than one hundred out of several hundred thousand known varieties of green plants are utilised as human food, and still more remarkable that these were practically all discovered before history began; later generations have done little more than widen the area on which the foods are grown, thus correspondingly widening national dietaries. Sugar beet is one of the few new crops in historic times. Much has been done to improve the old crops, however. Plant genetics, a science of this century, has achieved notable triumphs in raising disease-resistant strains and more prolific hybrids, especially of maize. Moreover the low conversion of animal foods into human food is coming under review, and both H. D. Kay and John Hammond in their very practical chapters show what can further be done to augment supplies of milk and of pig meat.

Losses and wastes, however, inevitably occur. F. C. Bawden deals in his usual able manner with plant diseases. Even in this country they are serious: for example, sugar beet yellows in 1949 caused losses of more than 1 million tons of sugar beet and perhaps an equal loss of mangolds. Elsewhere the situation is often worse. Potato crops in China are reported to be crippled with virus diseases, and the growers are so accustomed to small, deformed, diseased plants that they are thought likely to be prejudiced against clean stocks. N. W. Pirie discusses another type of waste: the failure to use the abundance of green vegetable matter that comes available every year; he shows that it can be made to yield food for both man and animals.

The authors have done their work well and have produced one of the sanest books on the subject that has appeared in recent years. Throughout there is a spirit of quiet confidence that the difficult problem of feeding the world's peoples can be solved if their rate of increase is slowed down and if science is given full scope for food production. There the book leaves the matter; the applications to particular regions, especially to India and Africa, are left to others. But the reader cannot help noticing that many of the appliances needed for increasing output of food can be produced only by complex chemical and engineering industries, and their use must be directed by highly skilled, resourceful, and completely honest experts. These are mostly to be found in the Western countries. The best hope for the hungry lands is close and peaceful co-operation with the West so as to ensure the fullest development of their resources for the benefit of their peoples. One of the most urgent problems of the present day is to discover effective means of bringing this about.

E. JOHN RUSSELL

MONTHERLANT IN THE THEATRE

The Master of Santiago and four other plays. By Henry de Montherlant. Translated by Jonathan Griffin. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

In these five plays, three of them historical, Montherlant has set himself up as the Judge. Human nature, stripped bare of everything but its essential gestures, the most profound *mouvements de l'âme humaine*, this, he claims, is his material, but with a typical show of frankness, he disclaims impartiality. "There's no rule," runs the first of his numerous notes on the theatre, "for writing a good play. But it takes plenty of malice." The judge is prejudiced. His epigrams are often good.

The peculiar feat of malice is to hack away at the foundations of life and undermine them. It is a marvellously effective and legitimate literary weapon for those who are fortunate enough to have values, easy to abuse, difficult to use. Here among the twisted girders of ideals, the shattered dwelling-places of illusions, the vast Montherlant war damage, man emerges not as merely fallen, but prostrate. Man in general that is; there are a rare elect, the exceptions, the members of "the Order," who between them individuate the drive behind the dramas, indeed behind all Montherlant, the urge towards self-exaltation. All his heroes and heroines really aim to escape from the human condition, to get above man or to get beyond him, to avoid at whatever cost the ignominious plight of remaining a human being. Man in general, so the judgment goes, is timid, trusting, mediocre. By contrast there is Malatesta, magnificent, courageous, demoniac, unpredictable. And the Master of Santiago, whose punch-line is that old contemporary gag, "I only tolerate perfection." He has "a

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crushing indifference for everything that does not carry some mark of the sublime." His "daily bread is disgust." The dying king in *Queen After Death* sends his son to prison "for mediocrity!" and following up this theme the lawyer Georges Cariton is disappointed in his illegitimate only son because he turns out to be of "poor quality."

Mediocrity, mediocrity, this is Montherlant's obsession, the mule he has always flogged. But for an artist just to be obsessed is not enough. The great problem is to situate the obsession imaginatively within an acceptable contemporary context. This did happen with Montherlant on one occasion in *Les Jeunes Filles*: there we were shown a girl doomed to degradation and misery because she was too proud to marry one of the provincial *médiocrities* who formed her social set. Only among these was there any choice: mediocrity was synonymous with marriage. Now this was a deep, indeed a tragic situation which maliciously exposed life, life as it is actually lived. Nor, surely, was this malicious exposure fundamentally anti-feminine, since besides deliberately disgusting it was just: *Les Jeunes Filles* remains one of the most accurate novels of the period.

To have a mediocre son, even a mediocre natural son, can never be quite as great a disappointment as to marry a mediocrity. *No Man's Son* and its sequel *To-morrow the Dawn* start with this disadvantage. There is one possible dramatic situation here, frustrated paternal expectation, but really as a series of bitter cracks it doesn't last out anything like six curtains. Especially when one has been through a lot of it before in *Queen After Death*. "One can be indulgent towards the mediocrity one sees foreshadowed in a child. Not for that which spreads out in a man." To what does this fine sentiment lead these fathers? Moral collapse. One to save his own reputation; the other because—if he has anything so precise as a motive—the girl he murders is harbouring expectations about her own as yet unborn son. We are meant, I suppose, to be deeply disturbed. Also in *Malatesta*. What undoes Malatesta is his trust, what brings misfortune to his wife is her passionate devoted love for her husband. There are several nice maxims on the way to these pessimistic conclusions ("a being whom one loves is always in danger"), there are even some fine statuesque scenes—the one especially between the Infanta and Ines—but at the end the elementary question is highly relevant, what point had it all? Innocence does very often get punished, almost as often as it triumphs, people very often are mediocre almost as often as they are not, but these facts alone do not create drama. What are the values behind the malice?

Neither Montherlant nor his admirers ever give any indication of that. Mr. Griffin talks about "a feeling of having been inside a painting by El Greco and having actually heard the people whom he painted talk." Montherlant's retreat into history is another aspect of his retreat from man. Both are consummated in *The Master of Santiago*. Here if anywhere is his dynamic. Alvaro will not corrupt himself by faring forward into the financially profitable New World. (Reading this play you can see why the existentialists hate Montherlant—here supremely is the man who refuses to dirty his hands.) His daughter sacrifices her marriage to his spiritual ambition. She receives this comfort from him:

> "That you should have loved any such thing [he is referring to her lover] will one day seem to you incomprehensible. Think you will never have known the contamination of a man's love. No blood will come to mix with our blood. There will be no man to turn you over and over in his arms. And no children, nobody, to defile me, nobody to betray me; with you I go out, in all my cleanness. The last! We shall be the last! What strength in that word "last," opening on the sublime nothingness!"

The mystic's way of negation? Montherlant is no mystic. In the egoism of that speech there is the whipping-up of a very common impulse, the impulse we all have when in a deep anger we contemplate human nature and wish that somehow the whole set-up could be scrapped, that we didn't have to contaminate ourselves by becoming part of it. But we do.

ANTHONY CURTIS

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CAMPS AND PURGES

Russian Purge. By F. BECK and W. GODIN. *Hurst & Blackett.* 10s. 6d.

A World Apart. By GUSTAV HERLING. *Heinemann.* 16s.

It Happens in Russia. By VLADIMIR PETROV. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21s.

No one knows how many people were executed, imprisoned, sent to labour camps or died during months of interrogation in the great Soviet purge of 1937-1939; nor whether a million or twenty million people are engaged in forced labour in Russia to-day. One result of this secrecy is that the extent and horror of both camps and purges are likely to be exaggerated. The second result is that propagandists are able to present the Soviet Union as nothing but a regime of terror, in spite of plenty of evidence to the contrary from independent observers. A third result is that people are afraid to talk of reaching an international accommodation with Russia lest they should be accused of approving dictatorship and condoning the conduct of the N.K.V.D. We have to seek an accommodation with the Soviet Union, not by pretending that camps and purges don't exist, but in spite of knowing that they do exist.

The pre-war purge in Russia had unique features. In the first place it was very large, affecting immense numbers of people in all parts of the Soviet Union; secondly, it was applied most vigorously to the Communist Party itself and not least to the N.K.V.D.; thirdly, it was a palpable fraud in that the charges on which many people were gaoled or executed were known to everyone to be legendary. By way of making the fraudulent nature of the proceedings crystal clear to everyone, Yagoda, who was responsible for the first great wave of terror, was himself purged for crimes which threw doubt on the honesty of any of the prosecutions; his place was taken by Yezhov, who also disappeared under a cloud from the political scene in 1939, when his place was taken by the milder Beria who has held it ever since. The purge brought to an end that strong strain of constructive idealism which until 1937 had served as some measure of justification for even the harshest of Soviet acts. I recall that in 1937 I was denounced as a Trotskyite by Harry Pollitt in Trafalgar Square for roundly condemning the purges as the classical case of revolution devouring its children.

Russian Purge is the best book I have seen on this subject. The authors, the one a historian and the other a scientist, say they have no propaganda intention and in fact they write with an admirable objectivity, basing their analysis of the events of 1937 and 1939 on many hours of discussion in various Soviet prisons with victims of the purge. They have collected and marshalled a large amount of evidence, only citing special cases by way of illustration. They point out that, appalling though the methods of obtaining confessions were, no comparison should be made between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. They write:

> Those who were aware of the atrocities in Nazi prisons and camps or had themselves experienced them—a considerable number of political *émigrés* who were handed over to the Gestapo at the time of the Hitler-Stalin pact had ample opportunity to compare the two systems—were bound to admit that there were no instances in Russian prisons of the arbitrary cruelty and systematic sadism so characteristic of Nazi methods.

They add that the prison authorities themselves even showed some measure of sympathy towards the thousands of men under their authority; and that beating and other forms of torture were not in general use but the preserve of examining magistrates. Conditions in Soviet camps, they say, may

> in many ways have been quite as severe as those in the Nazi camps, and yet they were of quite a different nature. Mass extermination of prisoners, experiments on them, giving them fatal injections or making them do obviously useless work in order to humiliate them were things completely alien to the Soviet regime. Soviet severity was rational, not emotional. Conditions in the camps at that time were fundamentally dictated by scarcity and muddle.

The detailed description given by the authors of the methods by which confessions were extorted is not new. We are shown how personality can be completely destroyed, often without the use of physical torture by long periods of enforced lack of sleep, many hours of standing in brilliant light under a ceaseless interrogation in which no truthful answer is ever accepted. It will be remembered that since the prisoner has no hope of release except in an obscure and dishonoured death, his courage can find no support in pride of reputation; gradually, as his mind and body give way, he desires only to end his misery by aiding his inquisitors to complete the required legend. The cases cited by Beck and Godin include one of a university professor who was first charged with ideological deviation in having attributed the wrong historical role to Joan of Arc, and discovered after weeks of interrogation that he had really been spying for Japan. As often his will was finally broken when he was confronted by incriminating confessions already signed by friends and colleagues. The second instance is even more enlightening; it is the story of a worker who volunteered to confess a comparatively venial offence to the N.K.V.D., was then beaten into signing a document which showed him as a leader of a treasonable plot of vast dimensions and was finally with great difficulty, persuaded elaborately to unpick the garment of nonsense which the months of torture had induced him to weave. That particular

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James Barrie

plot was no longer required, but the code demanded that the record should be put straight!

The great topic of conversation in gaol, according to Beck and Godin, is why these arrests, why these legends, why these elaborate confessions? They devote their final chapter to an examination of seventeen theories advanced in various quarters to account for the purge. Many of these theories, in their view, contain some element of truth, and those who wish to understand the social forces within the Soviet Union would do well to study this chapter with care. The effort will at least have the advantage of destroying many current superficial theories. The authors, I am sure, are right in pointing out that one important effect of the purges was to create a corroding cynicism. It was the most earnest and honest Communists who suffered the most, and the effect of this betrayal of idealism has been to leave the structure and shell of Socialism, but to remove from it the qualities and attributes that most attract good men to Socialism.

Amongst the most pathetic victims of the purge were N.K.V.D. officials who had themselves been accustomed to treat victims of the purge as "enemies of the people" and who at first assumed that they must have been arrested as part of a misunderstanding which could easily be cleared up.

> When permitted to do so, they would write letters and complaints to former colleagues and superiors who were now their examining magistrates, and only gradually did it dawn on them that their fellow prisoners were no more "enemies of the people" than they were.

How did it come about that anyone survived to tell us what happened to the uncounted victims of this extraordinary purge? Here our principal witnesses are Poles who were deported in immense numbers to central and Arctic Russia. It is hard to assess the historical value of their accounts. Many of them were released when the Sikorsky army was formed. The books they have written now amount to a small library. Almost all the essentials of their story are summarised in a single brilliant, anonymous book *The Dark Side of the Moon*. If we read their personal stories with reserve it is because the demand for horrific accounts of interior Russia is so great in the United States that to have been a Soviet prisoner (best of all, once to have been a Communist) is in itself an assurance of something like fame and affluence—provided always that the story is written up with sufficient journalistic flair and includes, in its no doubt substantially truthful narrative, details of conversations which, when one comes to think of it, are scarcely likely to be accurately remembered ten years later.

These books all tell substantially the same story. The appalling train journey in the depths of a Russian winter. The occasional acts of individual brutality which merely intensify the suffering which millions of Russians were themselves enduring at that period in common with the prisoners; most of it indeed was the inevitable result of transporting large numbers of people, who had been used to some standard of Western comfort, to hard labour and low diet in areas where to leave a finger uncovered is to lose it from frostbite.

Mr. Vladimir Petrov, described variously by his publisher as a lecturer in Yale and Harvard, tells a very exciting story of seven years in Siberian gold fields, an escape to the West, a bizarre and dangerous existence under German occupation which only ended in liberation via Vienna and American bombing. Mr. Gustav Herling writes with more distinction. Bertrand Russell, who provides a preface to *A World Apart*, describes it as the "most impressive and best written" of the stories he has read of Soviet prisons and labour camps. One invigorating feature of both these books is that both Mr. Herling and Mr. Petrov describe resistance to their Russian captors. These Poles answer back, fight and hunger-strike, and partly for that reason, some who would otherwise have died, survive. Mr. Herling's book is most memorable, however, for peculiarly terrible stories of some who did not survive, of the man who was arrested, when he was drunk, for letting off a bullet at a portrait of Stalin, and who died, a raving madman, shouting that he had in fact killed Stalin; and, far more moving, of the man who contrived to evade working for his captors by every night secretly tearing off the bandages from his arm and burning it afresh in the fire.

Such stories of terror, of stubborn pride and fantastic endurance can be told about many peoples in many countries during the war. The Russians were not cold-blooded sadists like the Germans nor did they treat their prisoners worse than the Japanese. But the scale of heroism and suffering in the appalling conditions of the U.S.S.R. in war time makes it stand out in a category by itself.

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The writing of poetry is, of course, only a stage in that task. As Mrs. Ridler says in a birthday sonnet to Mr. Eliot,

> Poetry is, as you said, a *must's game*.
> The poem, written, is lost: may earn a wage
> But cannot grow, or comfort old age . . .

Similarly, Mr. J. C. Hall is moving, in a poem called *War*, just because he knows he has not the answer, and instead of a straight tip has recourse to appeal or prayer:

> To-day I go about the busy street
> And know whoever walks beside me there
> Walks in a treadmill of returning fear
> Wherein once more the generations meet
> And cry: "O Man! from tyrannous war release
> Our troubled hearts and grant our children peace."

I remember once saying to the poet Hamish Henderson how exciting I thought it would be to meet Mrs. Ridler. He replied, with an air of irony and qualification, "Ah, yes, if it were at a vicarage tea party!" Mrs. Ridler's is a poetry of piety and acceptance, of Anglicanism, domesticity, and a feeling for traditional ways and scenes. Henderson, with his own so temperamentally incompatible Muse of battles, had put his finger on the risk which "quiet" poetry of this sort must always run—that of lapsing into pietism and complacency. Mrs. Ridler does eschew all violent and harsh delight, and does skate over the thin ice that covers, rather than piercing right down to, "the accepted hells beneath." An instinctive propriety and a habitual wish to comfort and assuage mark sharp limits to what she can do or say in poetry. Within these limits, I think she is quite certainly one of our two or three best women poets. Her suppleness and skill in versification can be seen in such a couplet of four-stress lines as this,

> Night fell and the *fóg fróne*;
> Six-pointed Venus *first* and then the *móon róse*,

with its cunning consonantal by-play; or in such a lovely use (owing something, of course, to *Ash Wednesday*) of lingering unrhymed three-stress lines as this:

> Do not let her túrn, do not let her túrn to her
> companions
> Weighing the loss with the prófit
> Remémbering her first perfection
> She must not túrn her head.

We live in a time of scamping, even in poetry. The feeling that the lines on the page have been sensitively and scrupulously worked over, till they feel just right, is rare and refreshing. But the subtle ear and skilled hand are never, with Mrs. Ridler, used for mere virtuosity: she wants to *show*,

> Dingy snow . . .
> . . . dark sticky grapes of the sea . . .
> . . . the outer stone
> Pared and frittered in sunlight, flakes with years . . .
> The muddy sea-mouse, hiding a sunset
> In his hairs . . .

or to *say* (about dryness of the soul),

> Yet it is a long pursuit,
> Carrying the junk and treasure of an ancient creed;
> To a love who keeps his faith by seeming mute
> And deaf, and dead indeed.

This is not an even book. There are passages (in the extracts from two Christmas broadcasts, for instance) where the holy hush is a little conscious; lapses sometimes in a single piece (as in *O Love, Answer*) from the properly poetic to the decorously hymnal. But it is a book to buy and keep. It should remind us of what is easy to forget, that poetry which will permanently satisfy (as apart from poetry which will periodically excite or intoxicate) is on the whole written only by those who have achieved a certain integrity of life.

With the rest of the batch, I am afraid I must be more summary. Mr. Hall's book is much the best of them, partly because (as in the fine stanza I have quoted) he is not afraid to express feelings which most people share these days, but which young poets usually think too obvious

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for verse. One can note in his verse, as in Mrs. Ridler's, a combination occasionally of what ten years ago would have seemed "old-fashioned" themes and diction:

> Alfoxton, mansion of poets, how I marvelled
> To behold you then!—no longer a mere name . . .

with an admirable straightforwardness of statement, and a recognisable and contemporary speaking voice. Mr. Hall is perhaps a little too easily contented with the good obvious epithet —*stormy* August skies, in the poem from which the above lines come, *fragile* happiness, a *golden* year, a *darker* age, a *green* domain, and to conclude,

> Eternity echoes back upon
> Our hearts, and a *terrible* loss consumes,

but, for my own part, in a young poet, I much prefer baldness to preciosity. Mr. Hall's are solid and workmanlike poems, and the expression, one feels, of an honest heart.

Mr. Yates is a showy but depressing writer, whose *clichés* ("brilliant madmen," for instance) are more pretentious than Mr. Hall's. He is liable to apostrophise us in a slightly embarrassing way:

> Writhe on the rack, O worshipper!

or

> Coerce the unknown into form!

and his similes are more striking than apt:

> For who would still deny complicity
> As though our hands *like severed snakes*
> Had shaped the willed catastrophe . . .

If our hands were snakes they could not shape anything, and in any case a catastrophe is too abstract a thing to be shaped by hands. Mr. Yates, however, has an undeniable flair for rhetorical gesture, and his theme, sin and doom, is an ambitious one, though it is too much the sin and doom of "the poet," not of the rest of us. Mr. Comfort is free from this sort of trickiness, and is very readable, but generally too diffuse. He can tell a story well, as in *Belshazzar and the Wall*, but there as elsewhere there is too much moralising of a harping and opinionated sort. His best poem here is *Anacreon's Grave* where a fairly strict form curbs his loquaciousness and where he gets away from the wickedness of war to the old fruitful commonplaces of love and death. Mr. Clemo's *The Clay Verge*, finally, is an odd, unpleasant little volume, but not one to be ignored; in rheumaticky Hardyesque stanzas it deals mainly with the conflict in the poet between a love of nature and a very horrid sort of Calvinistic Christianity—a religion for which Mr. Clemo's symbol is the Cornish clay-pit making inroads on the grass and flowers; he, like the earth there, must be "disembowelled of Nature's stain." The verse has an interesting roughness, like peasant pottery. The point of view is, thank goodness, without universal interest, but undeniably personal and sincere.

G. S. FRASER

WAR REPORT

Cry Korea. By REGINALD THOMPSON *Macdonald*. 16*s*.

It is an almost irresistible temptation for those who are privileged to be observers at the making of history to go home and write a book. If you are quick about it you may cash in on a good market. But more than that—and a far more insidious temptation—people will turn to you as an authority. Those constructive generalisations, which at the time seemed to give coherence to the shifting kaleidoscope, can fix the whole matter for posterity. And after all there is not a lot of work in copying out all the notebooks you filled and inserting some half-tone blocks of your more successful snapshots.

It has all been done before and, very occasionally, done well. But Reginald Thompson's *cri de coeur* on Korea shows just how difficult it is. This book ought to be good. Mr. Thompson was there indefatigably, courageously, on most of the big occasions. He is a war reporter of great experience. He has a sharp eye and, sometimes, a vivid turn of phrase. Above all he came to feel passionately about the tragedy he had to report. But in the end this is an inadequate and disappointing account. In the first place it shows signs of having been thrown together too hastily. Clumsy writing, the occasional unforgivable grammatical howler, suggest a publisher's deadline too close for grace or comfort. So does the remarkable lack of discrimination in the matter selected. Chunks of hard, bright reporting and honest, if not very profound, reflection are mixed up with trivia of a banality which in day to day publication would hardly have escaped the *Daily Telegraph*'s sub-editorial scissors.

It may even be that the pitfalls of this kind of authorship are more hazardous for the professional journalist than anybody else. In his normal job of reporting the war he is fighting against authority, the clock and the conditions of war itself. His story is anything he has seen, any hard particle of incident he can personally confirm. It must be written in darkness, dust or deluge and forced into choked communications. Discrimination necessarily lies with the London office, which may have time and detachment enough to separate the gold from the dross. But when all the raw material of the reporter's notes come to be rehashed for more permanent publication, still a race against the clock, it requires a patience, a judgment and a power of self-criticism beyond most men, to discard what is purely ephemeral without damaging the bloom of fresh reporting. This perhaps is where Mr. Thompson has failed. *Cry Korea* irritates the reader with distracting trivialities in every chapter, submerges much of its quality in the small talk of the flea-bag and the esoteric anecdote of the communal whisky bottle.

It is fair to add that gold exists among the dross. Some of the reporting is of high quality; MacArthur's entry into Seoul, for instance, is a splendid piece of tragic irony which will certainly bear re-reading. The fog of staff-work and communications in battle is vividly and credibly conveyed. The deep-felt mistrust of MacArthur and MacArthurism is the more creditable for the date at which the author recorded it. The sustained criticism of the Americans as fighting men and of the typical road-bound, machine-dominated battle plan, which has become associated with U.S. armies, is cogently argued and of a certain validity. The appalling futility and waste of the total "interdiction" inseparable from modern war is at least partly made real to the reader.

The book, in fact, is sufficiently good to earn the complaint that it is not good enough. It is better than the book that most of us would have been able to write about our personal war experiences, but less by a great gulf than the one we should have wished to write.

JOHN FREEMAN

NEW NOVELS

Novelette and Other Stories. By A. L. BARKER. *Hogarth Press*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Sylvester. By EDWARD HYAMS. *Longmans*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

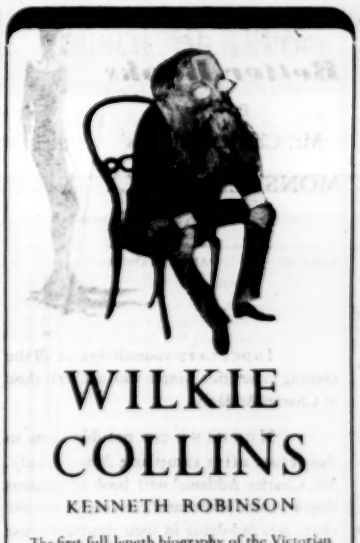
My Enemies Have Sweet Voices. By NEIL MCCALLUM. *Cassell*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

In the note of acknowledgments prefixed to her new book Miss A. L. Barker thanks the editors of the *Sketch*, *Good Housekeeping* and this journal for allowing her to reprint contributions. Such catholic placing indicates she is that rare phenomenon, the professional writer. Her gifts are the reverse of fortuitous. She is a writer pure and simple, one who has deliberately chosen to exercise a difficult craft, presumably, because it is the thing she enjoys doing most. Her new collection of short stories, which includes a title-piece of some 100-odd pages, is nothing if not professional. Too many of to-day's novels bear signs of having been scribbled with a ball pen on a bus. *Novelette*, I should say, has been written slowly with a fountain-pen in a room of one's own.

Since a writer's work should be judged at its highest level, one must concentrate on *Novelette* itself. It is the chronicle of a brief war-time encounter between a young working-class soldier and the wife of the village draper with whom he is evacuated. William Felice, convalescing after Dunkirk, goes into the country to stay with his Chapel minister's cousin, Mr. Mallory and his wife Luise. Mallory is an austere and puffy cherub who has only recently rid himself of a tyrannous mother and is tasting the sweets of escape in middle-age. At home, sipping his occasional glass of "Port type" or fondling a new packet of cigarettes, he is a discreet, self-indulgent pasha; at the warden's post he is a lion, a vigorous prosecutor of the war he will never see. His world swings fussily between euphoria and indigestion. At first, William is unhappy at the Mallorys'. Their solid middle-class comfort is disturbing to one whose idea of luxury is "the singing fat and yellow batter in the fish and chip parlour." An adult evacuee, he mooches about the house and dribbles wads of old newspaper up and down the cinder path behind the garden hedge. He and Luise gradually strike up a companionship. They begin to take walks together:

> "We're on Colonel Sellick's land now." She looked guiltily round at the tussocky pasture.
>
> The Colonel's plantation crowned a hill, a small hill with scrub and bristle at its foot. Over this stubble primed by the frost, they cluttered with the sound of an army. It seemed that the snapping and snarling of frozen twigs must be audible in the village.
>
> The trees were netted in, conifers mostly. William and Luise followed the path up the hill. She showed him the orderly furrows of Colonel Sellick's park, combed out below them between pasture and bristling woods.
>
> "He ploughed up his park, and these trees are to make pitprops, I suppose, and masts. To help the war. He's very keen on the war." She made the Colonel sound like some kind of fancier.

A melodramatic encounter with the Colonel precipitates the love affair between Luise and William and Miss Barker deals with this central episode beautifully. There is more than a touch of Emma Bovary about Luise. Though resignedly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contented with Mallory, one can almost say of her (*pace* Mr. Annat), that "*elle voulait mourir ou habiter Paris.*" When she is not rolling pastry, making love to William or "gathering children with the solicitude of a hen," she is existing in a daydream of champagne, ducal amours and low-cut evening-dresses. Miss Barker is as hard put to it as William to cope with Luise's transitions. In the space at her disposal, it is no use her stopping to think, "What would Flaubert have done?" and she can only forge blindly on. At a crucial moment in the book, she takes her corner widely and comes near a bad skid:

> Luise Mallory in black velvet . . . was a dozen removes from Luise in a baggy woollen housedress. One glimpse and the damage was done. Mrs. Barty Joseph's cast-off fermented the sugar of a lifetime's novelette reading. And Luise wasn't the first to believe that the lack of the right clothes was all that kept her from heaven.

This is *Good Housekeeping* with a vengeance. Fortunately, Miss Barker puts the brake on almost in her next paragraph and the book proceeds rhythmically towards its climax—a macabre children's party—and William's departure. This blot apart, *Novelette* delights by the excellence of its writing. Miss Barker's style is crisp yet suggestive; she is as apt to hit on the right and unexpected metaphor for clouds or silence as to record the "clean, clear, unlikely blue" of Michaelmas daisies. She is over-articulate, has not yet learnt when to let well alone and her dialogue sometimes goes awry. Yet, when all is said, it is not often that a reviewer has the chance to salute such real talent. Miss Barker's book is the best piece of new writing that I have read for a great many months.

Mr. Hyams's novel is an exquisite jape or a straightforward satire, according as to how strictly one defines the latter. The book begins like a Kipling short story—something out of, say, *The Day's Work* or *Many Inventions*. The place is Rosyth, the time is VE-night, and Sylvester Green, an R.N. Radar Lieutenant, and his friends are mafficking. Roaming alcoholically through the streets of Edinburgh, they collect an abandoned perambulator and a pawnbroker's sign. They return to their ship to find a welding party working late on a neutral vessel moored alongside and, when the party leaves, Sylvester moves in; he welds the pram and three brass balls on to the corvette's main mast and having covered the curious contraption thus formed with a coating of thick grey paint, retires to bed. Hell breaks loose when the radar wiseacres take their first breath of fresh air on deck. Soon the whole Fleet is humming with news of the complicated, novel and top-secret piece of equipment with revolutionary wave-tubes that adorns the humble corvette containing the President of Agraria. Ignorance gives it a name—Mark 998—and a fabulous performance. In the hands of spies and columnists, a drunken practical joke attains global dimensions.

Only Mr. Hyams's exuberance saves his book from becoming a first-rate satire. Told at half its present length, it would be a devastating exposure of the modern scientist and his familiars. Unfortunately for his art but fortunately for the reader, Mr. Hyams is not content to savage scientists alone. Admirals, Foreign Office tycoons, nit-witted ambassadors and politicians on the make, the whole *dramatis personae* of the cold war, comes under fire. The result is an amusing and at times uproariously funny book which only regains the borders of legitimate satire when its author remembers his *Candide*.

My Enemies Have Sweet Voices is a series of sketches and short stories linked by the common theme of the second world war. The setting varies from London pubs to the North African desert and the mood ranges from the lyrical to the bizarre. The level of the book is unequal; an oddly touching episode like *Pay Day* alternates with the ultra-conventional *Posting Overseas*. The author is so studiously unemotional, so anxious to leave things unsaid, that the weight of his implications presses leadenly down upon the reader. Though some of these stories are moving in themselves, one feels that an emotional reaction is being demanded for each in right of its subject. The other difficulty about this book is that Mr. McCallum's soldiers, whether officers or privates, heroes or deserters, boozing or under fire, remain oddly undifferentiated. They are monochrome figures, caught up in the machine and making automatic gestures, knowing neither too little nor too much. One longs for a breath of Mulvaney's humanity or a glimpse of Schweik's innocence.

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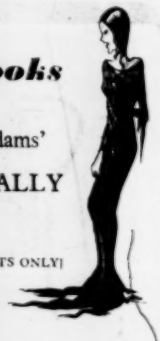

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A HIGH PLATEAU

French Music from the Death of Berlioz to the Death of Faure. By MARTIN COOPER. *Oxford University Press.* 21*s.*

There is something in the nature of French music which makes treatment by period, rather than by the individual composer, appropriate. To quote the author of this excellent book: "French music . . . has not generally been dominated by single giant figures . . . The high plateau rather than the mountain range has been the typical conformation of the French artistic world, and there has been a comparative homogeneity of style and purpose." It follows that the non-specialist hardly needs elaborate critical studies of more than a few of the composers concerned; what he wants is to learn enough about Dukas and d'Indy and Roussel and the rest to see them in their proper context. This need Mr. Cooper has supplied with conspicuous success.

In such a work the danger is over-classification. The historian is tempted to make the living tissues of music fit into a predetermined scheme; Mr. Cooper has been on his guard against this. He traces the lines of succession without recourse to forced analogies or unreal contrasts. Yet his book is not a mere chronicle. It has a clear theme; and fortunately this theme is a true deduction from the evidence. The primary qualities of French music (Mr. Cooper reminds us) are clarity and logic, transparence and shapeliness, mistrust of the vague and large-sounding, dislike of rhetoric and emphasis. There are exceptions, the most important being Berlioz; but "for all their boldness and ardour," these exceptional artists "show a bad head for heights." In the latter half of the nineteenth century, the high plateau of French music was invaded by two outsiders, a lesser and a greater: César Franck and Richard Wagner. Mr. Cooper's main theme is the impact on French culture of these two strong personalities, the effort to assimilate the alien substance, the partial success of these efforts, and the subsequent violent reaction which banished both invaders and left an emotional vacuum, inadequately filled by the amusing prattle of the Twenties. He is justifiably severe on the triviality and lowering of standards during the period between the two German wars; and his final chapter—a most perceptive and eloquent piece of writing—is devoted, not to Les Six and Satie's *musique d'ameublement*, but to the mellow fruitfulness of Fauré's old age and the gleam of Roussel's sun—"a winter sun," it is true, affording "more light than heat."

On his way to this final landscape, Mr. Cooper makes many just, penetrating and generous criticisms. He is quietly sure that these 55 years constitute "a great period," remarking with characteristic moderation that "few countries at any period have been richer in the best music of the second rank." Here he differs refreshingly from the average English critic, who, however sound on the first-rate, lumps everything else, from second-rate to seventh-rate, into the same dustbin. How different is Mr. Cooper's estimate of Massenet from the usual ham-fisted English approach towards that delicate and original talent. On the other hand, even Mr. Cooper is less than fair to *Louise*, curtly dismissing "Depuis le jour" for its "catchiness"; but, if catchiness constitutes a fault, what becomes of "Non più andrai?" I suspect that what worries him is less the quality of the music than Charpentier's old-fashioned glorification of Free Love; and a similar preoccupation with text rather than music occurs in the Introduction to this book. Here Mr. Cooper gives a quaint explanation of the unpopularity of French songs relatively to German: he believes that we are embarrassed by such poems as "C'est l'extase langoureuse." Well, no one can be certain what is going on in the breasts of his neighbours; but in a long experience of the Wigmore Hall I have never heard a muttered "tut-tut," or seen a shocked matron, accompanied by a blushing daughter, pushing her way along the row in the middle of a Maggie Teyte recital.

In the course of his admirable survey, Mr. Cooper makes a few slips of minor consequence. Among these is the statement, on page 114, that Debussy "set the complete poem of *Pelléas et Mélisande* except for a few unimportant lines"; actually he discarded four complete scenes, including those for the servants at the beginning of the first and last acts. On page 85 there is a puzzling reference to Fauré's *Requiem*, where "the tenor solo passages in the *Agnus Dei*" are said to lie "within the span of a fifth." In fact, there are no solo passages in the *Agnus Dei*; the male soloist is a baritone, who, at both his appearances (in the *Offertory* and the *Libera me*), is required to span a whole octave, from D to D.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

CRITICAL ESSAYS

Thought in Twentieth Century English Poetry. By RAYMOND TSCHUMI. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Only Mr. Herbert Read can handle quite convincingly those abstract ways of thinking that poetry has in common with philosophy, that in the hands of lesser critics hover precariously between profundity and vagueness. Besides this danger, the approach to poetry by way of "thought," in this abstract sense, is a dangerously limited one, because it can be applied with an almost complete disregard for language. Mr. Tschumi seems almost unaware that poems are made up of words, and, reading his book as I did

immediately after William Empson's *Complex Words* I was the more conscious of the critical inadequacy of a method that does not relate meanings to words. Not only are words overlooked but—this is particularly unfortunate in the Yeats essay—so are poetic images, which are the larger counters of poetic thought and of the same order as words, bringing into the poem associated groups of ideas sometimes of great complexity. The analysis of *Byzantium* stops just where it ought to begin, with an examination of Yeats's symbols, the Emperor, the Soldiery, the smithies, the dolphins and so on. This obliviousness of the structural units of poetry amounts to a kind of colour-blindness, but it is none the less true that by abstracting one element alone from poetry much may be learned, and at times Mr. Tschumi is much more illuminating than my fault-finding suggests.

Two essays are outstanding, those on Edwin Muir and on Herbert Read, particularly the latter. It is perhaps natural that by Mr. Tschumi's method of assessment, Herbert Read should come out best—better than either Yeats or Eliot, which of course shows the limitation of the method; but it does, with justice, illuminate one aspect of poetry that entitles Herbert Read to a higher place among poets than has been accorded him. Mr. Read's thought is creative and organic, aesthetically consistent in all that he writes. The same can be said of Edwin Muir, whose heraldic imagery places him with Yeats, but whose thought depends upon the old Scottish theme of Free Will and Determinism, a tension felt imaginatively and creating the emotion on which the poems are built. Mr. Tschumi's method has the further advantage of showing up the inconsistencies of adopted opinions that are not really integral to the poetry, and his essay on Day Lewis (which is much too long) might stand as a criticism of the whole Thirties school whose fallacy was to suppose that poetry in the true sense can ever be made to serve preconcieved ideas. Mr. Tschumi, unfairly perhaps, finds no "thought" in Auden, in this sense, only opinions, and obviously dislikes his work a good deal. There is only one poet—Charles Madge—in whom Mr. Tschumi might have discovered an integrated imaginative Leftism comparable in refinement and consistency to Herbert Read's anarchism.

The essay on Eliot is less sympathetic than those on Muir and Read, for Mr. Tschumi clearly—and rightly—rates most highly thought that is integral in the poems themselves, and feels that to some extent Eliot's beliefs and opinions are things apart from the poetry. Nevertheless the Master passes the ordeal. "Before his contempt for the world is dictated by his faith, it is urged by his aesthetic attitude. If the critic in Eliot is mainly concerned with certain traditional values, the poet in him is mainly an artist." Altogether, if the reader bears in mind the limitations of Mr. Tschumi's method, his point of view is a valuable one if only because it does belated justice to Read and Muir, two of the finest poets now writing, and shows up yet once more the shoddiness of the superimposed thought of all kinds of poetry that is *engagé*.

KATHLEEN RAINE

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Duke of Berwick and his Son. Edited by SIR CHARLES PETRIE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

This collection of documents relating to his ancestors was bought at a London auction sale a few years ago by the 17th Duke of Alba: nothing is known of its previous history. The Duke of Berwick concerned is the 1st Duke, the illegitimate son of James II and Arabella Churchill, who emigrated with his father to France, became a brilliant Field-Marshal in the French service and seated Philip V firmly on the throne of Spain by his famous victory over the English expeditionary force at Almansa in 1707. He was the foremost Jacobite general, and had his services been available to lead the rebellion of 1715 the Hanoverian dynasty might never have taken root in England. In his introduction Sir Charles Petrie gives a short but admirable account of this distinguished soldier's career. As a reward for the Marshal Duke's services his eldest son was made a Grandee of Spain; and letters interchanged between the son in Spain and the father in France over the period 1717–1727 fill up most of the volume now printed. Unfortunately the letters are chiefly concerned with family matters, such as negotiations for marriages and the administration of estates. A few passages relating to Jacobite plots are intriguing by their undecipherable purport. Two items of great historical importance, however, are now brought to light: the plans drawn up by the Marshal Duke for two Jacobite invasions of Ireland and England in 1701 and 1702, which never came to fruition. In the calculations of this experienced strategist, October was the most propitious month, Glasgow the most vulnerable landing-place and a force of 8,000 invaders amply sufficient. It is disconcerting to realise that the course of history might have been altered by such slender means.

The Telegraph. By STENDHAL. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Telegraph is the second and final volume of Stendhal's novel, *Lucien Leuwen*, in the admirable translation of Mr. H. L. R. Edwards. The scene changes from Nancy, the setting of the first part of this novel (translated as *The Green Huntsman*) to Paris, and the material changes from love to politics. In the celerity of its movement, the pungency of its satire, in its combination of originality and easy high-spirited mockery, *The Telegraph* is, both in its virtues and its defects, among the most Stendhalian of Stendhal's works. The celebrated picture of M. Leuwen *père*, the banker and *bon viveur*, controller of the idiotic "Legion of the Midi," and in particular his seduction of the beautiful prude Mme Grandet on behalf of his son, is superb both in its comedy and in its final power of revelation.

Stendhal believed that he would come to be read in 1935. In this suavely ferocious picture of a corrupt society—ever more tightly chained by the telegraph and its stock-exchange tips—drawn with a Balzacian detail, Stendhal does indeed show himself a prophet, both of the political debauchery, the weakness and the moral emptiness on the one hand, and of the courage and resolution and fire on the other, which, five years after his deadline, led to the Fall of France and to the Resistance.

The Cautious Revolution. By ERNEST WATKINS. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

This account of the stewardship of the Labour Government has appeared with even greater timeliness than its author could have expected. Completed after the Bevanite revolt and the Cabinet resignations, but before it was known that Mr. Attlee would appeal to the country for a renewed mandate, *The Cautious Revolution* reaches the reader at a moment highly opportune for an objective retrospect of British political history from 1945 to 1951. Cautious or not, the "revolution," in the light of the election results, must be regarded as having reached a pause. Mr. Watkins writes, by implication, as "the man in the middle of the road," whose function as "the saboteur of the absolute" he appears to regard as essential to civilisation. As such, he does his best to apportion debits and credits fairly. Labour is praised both for its work in building the Welfare State and for its approach to the problems of Commonwealth policy; but, from 1949 onwards, Mr. Watkins is (not without reason) critical both of administrative incompetence, as in the Argentine meat negotiations, and of the somewhat dishonest retreats from principle illustrated by the proposals for the "mutualisation" of industrial life assurance. The nearest he comes to final judgment is in the dictum that Labour produced a rising standard for "the least capable citizens." This is a sweeping assertion; more weight attaches perhaps to his obvious feeling that, in a partially controlled economy, Labour failed to produce adequately dynamic incentives to replace those discarded. As an impartial and well-documented historical sketch, Mr. Watkins's book is of value; but it leaves untouched a number of questions highly relevant to its title. Would the "revolution" have gone so smoothly, and with such a degree of capitalist co-operation, if profits had not throughout been sustained by steady, if controlled, inflation? And did Labour in fact achieve, or did its leaders ever want to achieve, a "revolution" at all?

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Mr. Watkins selects as the Labour Government's most praiseworthy characteristic the fact that it "defied the power of money." What he fails to examine adequately is the extent to which it ever secured a hold on the real levers of economic power.

News from Cornwall. By A. K. HAMILTON JENKIN. *Westaway Books.* 15s.

William Jenkin, extracts from whose correspondence between 1790 and 1820 go to form this book compiled by his great-great-grandson, was essentially a "Cornish worthy" of his day. And it was a long day: born in 1738, and admitted in 1790 to the Society of Friends, he was a man of indefatigable energy, who combined the avocations of mining agent and general merchant with the stewardship of one of the largest landed estates in Cornwall. He was the sort of man whom Samuel Smiles would have rated highly: thrifty, sober-minded and withal humane, he represented the best type of small capitalist who staked savings and, with sharp limitations, skill in the tin-mining "Adventures" of the time.

His letter-book gives a fascinating picture of the period. In many of the extracts the reader will not fail to notice analogies with conditions in our own generation—the inflationary forces created by the Napoleonic wars, the shortages of food and raw materials, the unrest and "turbulence" among the tinners (of which Mr. Jenkin sadly complains), and the opposition of the mine-owners to Government bulk purchase of copper ore from Russia. Of even greater interest perhaps is the light which these letters throw on the early days of Cornish mining—a haphazard, savage business in which lodes were exploited without regard for proper mining development, while labour worked mainly under the "tribute" system, in which "faces" were auctioned among the men and places allotted to those who offered to take the smallest percentage of the receipts from the mined ore. Sometimes this would be as low as 4d. in the pound, if the load were rich; sometimes the "tributers" would each make as much as £50 a week; sometimes they might work a month for almost nothing. Meanwhile, the "Adventurers" bitterly disputed Boulton and Watt's demands for royalties in respect of use of their pumping engine, made their profits—sometimes they were unlucky and lost their all—and went their way, leaving behind them a heritage of exhausted veins and workings abandoned to flooding when they became too deep or difficult to be economic.

CORRECTION

A WORLD APART, *by David Rousett reviewed by Mr. Spender in our last week's issue was jointly translated by Yvonne Moyse and Roger Senhouse.*

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Special Christmas Competition

In our issue of December 22 we shall publish a section of Christmas Diversions. We invite competitors to collaborate with us in compiling it. Prizes up to a total of twenty guineas for original and ingenious items for inclusion. We seek not only puzzles, quizzes, suggestions for pencil or other games, recipes, etc., but also "notions" of any kind, fragments for instance, or pieces to be read aloud or sung—in short, anything odd or interesting or out of the way that can reasonably (or even unreasonably) be included under the heading Christmas Diversions. Entries by December 7. No item should exceed one column in length. Puzzles should be accompanied by solutions.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,135

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for a fairy story, set in contemporary London, Edinburgh, Dublin and Cardiff. Limit 200 words. Entries by December 4th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,132

Set by R. K. Buchanan

The usual prizes are offered for a Ruthless Rhyme (limit eight lines) which incorporates a reference to one of the following topics: comics, television, Guy Fawkes night, road-drills, pre-fabs, candy-floss.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

The setter acknowledges with thanks P. M.'s reminder:

Four lines are more correct, and better
For Ruthless Rhymes, dear Mr. Setter . . .

but begs to state that the classic Ruthless Rhymes (see Harry Graham) can go up to twelve lines, though admittedly there are more four-liners than any others. More discouraging than P. M.'s rebuke was the revelation that nearly half out of a big entry had no idea of the essence of a Ruthless Rhyme, and merely produced straightforward horrors. Several competitors who limped at the beginning rose to splendid heights in their final couplets: as a climax to a successful November 5th I liked S. M. Mansell's

Now up to bed—I see you're yawning—
We'll find Dad's head tomorrow morning.

Guy Fawkes provided the most popular occasion for ruthlessness, though many made the discovery that *comic* can rhyme with *atomic*. A guinea for each rhyme printed.

Uncle bought his little niece
Various *feux d'artifice*,
Filled her satchel and her pockets
With Catherine Wheels and Starshell Rockets.
When she lit a Hurricane
Falsely labelled Golden Rain,
"'Pon my soul," cried Uncle, "nieces
Make magnificent Set Pieces."

VIVIAN VALE

Willie, buried in a Comic,
Fell downstairs upon his stomach,
Mother gave the floor a wipe
And said "I knew that stuff was tripe."

P. M.

Growing tired of old Aunt Bet,
We tied her to a "Thunder-Jet";
She went off with an high-pitched whine,
And crashed near Staines at five past nine.
Then Uncle Edgar's harrowed face
Midst all the fun looked out of place;
However, clad in Guy's attire,
He burnt quite nicely on the fire.

KENNETH REED

Aunty with a table lighter
Set herself alight.
Though the real guy burned much brighter,
Aunty burned all night.

ANGUS MCGILL

When Aunt fell in the concrete-mixer,
Uncle saw his chance to fix her.

He waited till the substance wet
Into solid rock had set,
Then, at last, with face ecstatic,
He went to fetch his drill pneumatic.

ELISABETH MERRY

My socially ambitious spouse
Wanted a TV in the house . . .
Into the top fell Baby Jim—
This was *almost* the last of him,
Though bits of skin and hair, bright green,
Do flit, at times, across the screen,
Which means a lower price, I fear,
Should we decide to sell next year.

J. P. STEVENSON

CHESS: Perish the Thought

No. 112

I should rather say "the thought-machine," or to be quite specific: perish the chess-machine. So much for the magnanimity which Alistair Cooke so kindly attributes to the readers of this column; as for our "godlike restraint and modesty" I hope to have the readers' support in telling Cooke that the electronic "chess computer" which has so impressed him is not a patch on our bumblest competitor. Why, when they mounted the "electron brain" at Manchester University they had to pick the simplest 2-mover I ever dared to offer. The "Guardian" reports that it took the monster 15 minutes to solve it; surely, no one of us took more than 15 seconds. As for Alistair Cooke we will have him know that we chessplayers are unafraid; he may be right that some of us go around with a slouch, but it isn't more pronounced since the robot appeared; nor have we ever dreaded a robot chess champion. It must be well over 180 years since the first one appeared, and far more pleasing an "automaton" it was than any new-fangled "high-speed electronic digital"; far more efficient too, even though it was a mere mechanical hoax that fooled the world for a good many decades. It fooled the great Bonaparte too, who never knew that what beat him was a chessmaster ingeniously concealed and operating a clever magnetic device; it was, in fact, the great Allgaier, a veritable Napoleon of the chessboard while the emperor's own game was rather in the duffer class, mitigated perhaps by the fact that he was otherwise preoccupied. Here then—taken from R. N. Coles' excellent "Chessplayer's Weekend Book" (Pitman 1950)—is the game.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(13) P-Kt3	Kt-B6 ch
(2)	B-B4	Kt-QB3	(14) K-Kt2	Kt x Q ch
(3)	Q-B3	Kt-B3	(15) R x Kt	Q-Kt5
(4)	Kt-K2	B-B4	(16) P-Q3	B x BP
(5)	P-QR3	P-Q3	(17) R-R1	Q x KtP ch
(6)	0-0	B-KKt5	(18) K-B1	B-Q5
(7)	Q-Q3	Kt-KR4	(19) K-K2	Q-Kt7 ch
(8)	P-R3	B x Kt	(20) K-Q1	Q x R ch
(9)	Q x B	Kt-B5	(21) K-Q2	Q-Kt7 ch
(10)	Q-K1	Kt-Q5	(22) K-K1	Kt-Kt8
(11)	B-Kt3	Kt x P ch	(23) Kt-B3	B x Kt ch
(12)	K-R2	Q-R5	(24) P x B	Q-K7 mate

What ever may have been the great Emperor's shortcomings, as a chessplayer he certainly was an optimist, not given to premature resignation. But to revert to Alistair Cooke's favourite machine, there is (alas) no hoax about it; it is ponderously and pompously genuine. It is more honest than the famous old "automaton," more complex, too, and far more clumsy. It isn't quite as new either as Cooke would have us believe: it is several years now since Edward Lasker reported that so complex and expensive a machine is the electronic chess computer that to operate it costs about $300 an hour.

A: A. Troitzky

At this rate to solve **A**—White to win—in this week's competition would cost the monster at least $1,000. But as for our competitors, my dear Mr. Cooke, why, they will consider it an insult to be offered as much as 5 ladder-points for so simple a piece which most of them will solve between two bus-stops, without even bothering to Put up the pieces.

As for **B**—White to win—and **C**—White to draw—these are nearer our usual standards, quite difficult enough to rate 7 and 8 points respectively and to cause a bit of a headache even to our crack-solvers. So by way of a very subtle hint I will say that the old automaton has brought back to us an *echo* of the past. Such helpful niceties of our very own terminology would, of course, be hopelessly wasted on Cooke's precious monster who can just go plodding on blindly, albeit at considerable speed and at no less considerable cash. I shudder to think how many thousands it would cost him to grind out the solution. It would probably be quite prohibitive without some special allocation from Marshall Aid Funds.

B: R. Bianchetti, 1925

C: M. Liburkin, 1945

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 3

A: *Key* P-K4.

B: (1) Kt-B5, B-B6. (2) K-B6, K-R3. (3) Kt-B5 ch, K-R4. (4) Kt-Q6, K-R3. (5) Kt-B7 ch, K-R4. (6) K-Kt7, B-K5. (7) Kt-Q6, B-Kt3. (8) Kt-B8, B-B4. (9) Kt-K7, B-R2. (10) Kt-Q5, and mates next move.

If (9) . . . B-K3. (10) Kt-Kt6, etc.

If (1) . . . B-Q6 ch. (2) K-B6, B-K5. (3) Kt-B5, followed by (4) Kt-Q6, (5) K-Kt7, etc.

C: (1) K-B6. B-B5. (2) K-B7! K-R2. (3) Kt-B6 ch, K-R3. (4) Kt-Q7, K-R2. (5) Kt-B8 ch, K-R3. (6) K-Kt8, B-K4. (7) Kt-Kt6, B-B3. (8) Kt-R8, BxKt, etc.

If (7) Kt-Kt6, B-B3. (8) Kt-B7, B-K2. (9) Kt-Q5, B-B4, etc.

(1) Kt-B6, followed by Kt-Q7. Kt-K5. Kt-B3. K-B6, etc., also leads to a draw only.

No one, of course, missed **A**, and a surprisingly large number of competitors saw more or less all the far from obvious subtleties of **B** and **C**. Prizes shared by C. Allen, E. W. Carmichael, J. C. Cock, L. G. Kennion, J. J. Tobias.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia.—Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Law. Salary will be £A1,162 to £A1,412 (including £A162 cost of living allowance) subject to superannuation contributions. The Lecturer will be required to lecture in Public International Law and should also have interests in the fields of Comparative Law or General Jurisprudence. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 7 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is December 15, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Arts. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer (Grade I), who will be Head of the Department of Russian Language and Literature. Commencing salary £1,150 p.a. (rising to £1,400 by increments of £50). Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom eight copies of application, together with the names of three referees, should be forwarded not later than December 31, 1951. C. G. Burton, Secretary. The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Lecturer in Classics. The salary attached to the Lectureship is £800, rising by annual increments of £50 to £950. Initial placing within this range will depend on the qualifications and experience of the person appointed. Duties to commence as soon as possible after February 1, 1952. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is January 15, 1952.

SCOTTISH Record Office, Assistant Keeper I. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this permanent post. Candidates must be at least 30 on July 1, 1951. Candidates must possess a University degree with preferably First-Class Honours in History (preferably including Scottish History) or in Scots Law and a competent knowledge of Latin and French. Knowledge of archives administration will be an advantage. Salary (Scale (men) £761-£1,214. Somewhat lower for women. An exceptionally well qualified candidate may be placed on entry above the minimum of the scale. Particulars and form of application, which must be lodged not later than December 12, 1951, are available on application to the Keeper of the Records of Scotland, H.M. General Register House, Edinburgh, 2.

AMENDED. Senior Scientific Officers/Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on Aug. 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class) on Aug. 1, 1951. London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £750-£950, (women) £625-£850; Scientific Officers, (men) £400-£650, (women) £400-£525. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3399.

B.B.C. requires Report Writers for Monitoring Service, near Reading. Qualifications: wide knowledge of and interest in world affairs and ability to prepare and edit for publication analyses of broadcasts intercepted from all parts of the world, in particular Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, Middle East, Far East and Western Europe. Candidates must be prepared for periods of service abroad. Salary £835 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,080 p.a. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "R.W.M.S., N.Sun.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich. Education Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Psychiatric Social Worker in the Child Guidance Service which is at present being established by the Authority. In addition to the Centre the Service will include a Residential Special School for Maladjusted Children. Candidates should have a Diploma in Mental Health and training in P.S.W. work. Salary in accordance with the National Scale (National Negotiating Committee for Hospital and Allied Services), i.e., £420 × £20 to £580. Applications should reach the undersigned as soon as possible and state age, experience, qualifications, present and former positions, and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made. J. H. Turner, Director of Education, Education Offices, Highfields, West Bromwich.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant for French Section who must be bi-lingual in French and English. Requirements include ability to translate news bulletins into French at high speed and in good style, to type own translations and to read fluently in French a microphone; and interest in politics and economics and wide general knowledge of home and international affairs. Shift work covering twenty-four hours a day. Appointment not normally for more than three years. Salary £655 with prospects of promotion. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "French, N.Sun.," within seven days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires for Persian Section in London (a) Programme Assistant to translate into Persian and read news bulletins and talks in Persian at microphone. Requirements include good education, Brit-rate English and Persian, wide general knowledge, interest in and ability to write commentaries and scripts on current affairs and cultural topics, ability to take part in plays. Selected candidates will be required to pass voice and translation tests. Salary £655 with prospect of promotion on merit. Appointment on short-term contract for three years. (b) Listener Research Clerk to translate and summarise letters and report on reaction to B.B.C. Persian transmissions as revealed in correspondence, newspapers, etc. Candidates should have thorough knowledge of Persian and English and be able to translate either way and to draft reports in English. Starting salary £7 8s. plus 10s. language allowance. Candidates should state which post they prefer. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Persian, N.Sun.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclosed stamped addressed envelope.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Applications are invited for the following appointments on the staff of the Children's Officer: (1) Children's Welfare Officers, male—holding Certificate of Child Care, Social Science Certificate or other suitable recognised qualification, and having experience in the work of a Children's Department. (2) Children's Welfare Officer, male or female. This appointment is primarily for the purpose of returning as many children as possible to their own homes under supervision, and preference will be given to applicants who have had experience in the methods of the Family Service Units and also experience in a Children's Department. Salary of both officers—Grade III and IV of the National Joint Council scales, i.e., £500 × £15-£575. The use of a car will be necessary and the Council has a loan scheme which will assist in the purchase of new or second-hand cars, subject to approval. These posts will be permanent and pensionable and subject to the National Conditions of Service. The passing of a medical examination will be a condition of appointment. Application forms are obtainable from the County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford, and should be returned not later than December 1, 1951. F. G. Scott, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

COUNTY of Cornwall. Appointment of Area Youth Organiser. Applications are invited for the post of Area Youth Organiser. Salary will be on a scale of £440 × £15—£515 (Grades APT I and II). The appointment is pensionable. Further particulars will be forwarded upon receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope by the Secretary for Education, County Hall, Truro, by whom completed forms should be received not later than December 15, 1951. E. T. Verger, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Truro.

LONDON County Council. Applications invited for appointment as assistant organisers of children's care work in Education Officer's Department. Duties largely concerned with training and advising voluntary workers in social work in connection with schools. Social science diploma or similar qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £375 × £25—£500 a year plus 10 per cent. Senior positions normally filled by promotion. Application forms from Education Officer (EO/Estab./2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), must be returned by December 21, 1951. (1393)

KENT Education Committee. Seabrook Lodge School, Hythe. Applications are invited for the appointment of a secretary at the Seabrook Lodge School, a boarding special school for about 100 educationally sub-normal boys. Salary in General Division of National Scales (£288 at age 16 to £340 at age 30). Full board, lodging and laundry can be offered for £78 a year. Applications to Mr. T. W. Birch, Divisional Education Officer, 3, Shorncliffe Road, Folkestone, immediately, giving age, details of experience and names of two referees.

WORKERS Educational Association. East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor Organiser for Leicester and District. Salary £450 × £25 × £650. Applicants should be graduates with a degree in a subject(s) appropriate to Adult Education. It is hoped to make the appointment as soon as possible after January 1, 1952. Form and particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited from persons under 35 for the post of Administrative Assistant in a section of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, which organises special courses of study, chiefly on international affairs. Duties include office administration. Preference will be given to graduates of a British university. Salary range £400 × £25—£550, plus superannuation and children's allowances. Initial salary not necessarily at minimum of scale. Further particulars obtainable from Secretary to the Senate, Senate House, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of letters of application (3 copies) is December 12, 1951.

CITY of Birmingham Education Committee. Occupation Centres for Mentally Defective Children. Assistant Supervisor (Woman) required. Preference will be given to candidates who hold the Diploma of the National Association for Mental Health. Applicants should have some experience with children. A knowledge of musical activities, handicrafts, and/or simple physical training is also desirable. Salary in accordance with the scale £275 × £15—£320 per annum, plus £30 for holders of the Diploma mentioned above. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned (Special Schools) and should be returned immediately. E. L. Russell, Chief Education Officer, Council House, Margaret St., Birmingham 3.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council, Hertfordshire & Essex High School, Bishop's Stortford: Pearse House. Applications are invited for January for the post of Matron-Housekeeper for the boarding house for 30 girls (ages 11 to 19), with resident House Mistress and Assistant House Mistress. Salary £207 per annum, rising by increments of £14 to £236, plus board and residence, valued at £128. Conditions of service in accordance with the award of the National Joint Council for Administrative, Professional & Technical Employees. Applications should be sent, with copies of two recent testimonials, to the Head Mistress.

BRISTOL Royal Hospital. There are vacancies for one Deputy Head Warder (resident) and for three Lady Housekeepers (resident) in the Nurses' Homes of the Bristol Royal Hospital, which includes the Bristol Royal Infirmary, the Bristol General Hospital and the School of Nursing. The candidates appointed will be responsible to the Head Warden and their duties will include the care of the Home and organisation of social activities for the Nursing Staff. Preference will be given to applicants between the ages of 30 and 45. Applications containing full details of age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent immediately to Secretary, Bristol Royal Hospital, Royal Infirmary Branch, Bristol, 2.

BARNS School, Ancrum, Roxburghshire. Two trained Teachers required in this well-established Residential Special School for maladjusted boys. For Maths/Science, and General Subjects P/T. Burnham Scale, superannuation, plus full board for extra duties. (Note: English-trained non-graduates may not be "recognised" in Scotland.) Applications to the Headmaster.

CO-ED School requires Jan. staff for Gen. Cert. History, Eng. and gen. subjects, ages 10-14. Apply Headmaster, Chinthurst School, Tadworth, Surrey. TAD. 2014.

JEWISH Board of Guardians, 127, Middlesex Street, Bishopsgate, E.1. Applications are invited for the post of Accountant. The successful candidate will be required to keep the Board's books, prepare the annual accounts and Balance Sheet and supervise departmental accounting, etc. Salary scale £300 × £10 × £500. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Non-contributory pension scheme. Apply in writing with full personal details and experience, to the Secretary.

COMMUNITY Development Projects, Ltd., is preparing a Register of Personnel for long-term non-governmental projects of technical assistance in under-developed areas. Qualified persons in agriculture, health, education, engineering, building crafts, cottage industries, and social work, are invited to apply for fuller information. Box 7238.

EDUCATED women under 25 years of age are required for posts as Investigators in the Market Research Department of a large company of national importance. The minimum educational standard is Higher School Certificate and preference is given to University Graduates especially in statistics, mathematics, economics, modern languages, and the social sciences. Good health and the ability to make contacts easily with all kinds of people are essential. Ability to drive a car is an advantage. On appointment investigators will undergo a training period of 3/4 months at the Company's Head Office in the North of England and are subsequently expected to reside in Birmingham or Manchester. They must be prepared to travel fairly extensively from their Birmingham or Manchester Headquarters. Applications should give full details of education, Degree or Certificate held and dates taken, and a resumé of business career to date, if applicable. Box 7094.

EXPD. Leader (Jan.) for Adult mixed Community Club, man between 35-45. Keen sports section. Residence pref., but may be non-resident. Sal. £250 × £15—£350 with full residential emoluments. Non-res. sal. in proportion. Write for applic. form: Deputy Warden, 44 Nelson Square, London, S.E.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Frank Barnes School, Central St., Old St., E.C.1. Applications invited from qualified teachers of the deaf for post of Headmaster/mistress. Forms TS10/Deaf, from the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. School for 130 deaf children, aged 2-12. March unit totals: 1949-570, '50-606, '51-636. Burnham group 5 (S). Vacant at Easter. Closing date, Dec. 10. (1402)

SHORTHAND tutor required Jan. London secretarial college. Pref. graduate with some exp. outside teaching. Stimulating teaching and wide interests important as well as first-class technical quals. Box 7191.

EXPERIENCED matron and assistant matron of the Jewish Faith required for Home for 30 residents suffering from mental and nervous disorders. Applications in writing with full details of qualifications and experience to the Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex St., E.1.

UNUSUAL opportunity for three educated, intelligent adaptable ladies (close friends, sisters or individuals) interested in cooking, nursing and domestic duties respectively, and each prepared seek together happy way of living by useful conscientious service in cause of suffering mankind. Must be responsible persons used to country living and willing undertaken arduous work in established ideal health home, country village Hampshire. Interest in homœopathy helpful. Own furnished cottage adjoining and all meals supplied. Highest references only. Box 7020.

EXPD. leader (Jan.) for mixed Youth Club, 30-35 years. Residence pref. Sal. £250 × £15—£350 with full residential emoluments. Write for applic. form: Deputy Warden, 44 Nelson Square, S.E.1.

LEADER required January 1 for Y.W.C.A. Club at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire. Some previous experience of similar work needed. Further details on application by letter to: Training & Personnel Secretary, 108 Baker St., W.1.

MEDICAL Secretaries (two) required at The Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Rd., E.2. Candidates must be competent Shorthand-Typists and some knowledge of medical terms will be an advantage. Salary within range £190 to £375 per annum within age limits 18-30. Lunch and tea available. Applications, together with copies of any available testimonials to be addressed to the Secretary, Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Rd., E.2, within fourteen days of this advertisement.

SECRETARY (shorthand typist reqd. for Personnel Dept. in cigarette factory. Duties mainly as Private Secretary to Personnel Manager. Good Sal., 5 day week, canteen, etc. Apply stating age, exp., and sal. reqd to Employment Officer, Godfrey Phillips Ltd., 112 Commercial St., E.1.

SHORTHAND /typist, half-time, wanted by Community Centre. For further particulars send stamped addressed envelope to 29 Marsham St., S.W.1.

RESIDENT Cook-Housekeeper required for flat in Kensington area. Two in family. Please reply, stating age, experience and salary required, to Box 7223.

WANTED: Educated Continental lady for general assistance in residential Country Club, Surrey; must be experienced housekeeping, cooking etc. Comfortable accommodation. State age, nationality, experience. References essential. Box 7244.

YOUNG Woman to train as Vegetarian Cook and ultimately to take charge of kitchen at Youth House, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1. Write to Secretary.

COMPANION wanted, capable, pref. middle-aged, for author's wife in Oxon. Comfortable home. Box 7306.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman (22) wants job where sound knowledge of Art and Design, shorthand and typing are required. Best, 72 Holland Park, W.11.

SECRETARY S/Typist. Emergencies. Executive experience. MOU. 1701.

YOUNG married woman seeks post. Int. in music and literature, educational & social work. Expd. sec., sh./typ. Box 7200.

GENTLEMAN, 28, 4 years' business exp. home, abroad, knowledge French, Italian, interested politics, reqs. job, pref. connected with journalism, publishing, etc., salary secondary consideration. Box 7176.

QUAL. male teacher, 4 years' experience, 4 sks. posts, in pr. sq. school, Jan. Juniors and/or Art. Excellent refs. Box 7189.

YOUNG energetic Welfare worker with considerable commercial and Army exp. seeks intg. position in/nr. London. Box 6342.

FOR two educated women, interesting part-time work with school holidays, pref. with many others. London/Herts. Box 7068.

LONDON grad. teacher, 27, wide interests, conscientious, proficient statistics, ed. psychology, sks. post personnel admin., industrial educ. organiser. Box 7014.

30 year-old South African seeks post: subediting, bookselling, etc. Box 7166.

WOMAN undergraduate would like resident post between December 8 and January 18. Anything considered. Box 7350.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

INTELLIGENT, adaptable lady. University educ., exp. Research Assistant, information work, organising secr., transl., perfect French, German, fair Spanish, typist, seeks part- or full-time post. Box 7196.

EVG. Econs. student, exp. priv. sec., fluent Fr., seeks pt.-time work. Box 7128.

LIBRARIAN/Bookseller (fem., 29) reqs. 5-day week. Some typing, anything considered. Ring MAI. 7424 evgs./Box 7111.

LADY (46), experienced shorthand-typist and Inter. C.I.S., seeks post suitable to age. Resident or would travel. Miss Bruce, 107 Finborough Rd., S.W.10.

YOUNG man sks. post in theatre, cinema, literary field. Previous theatrical experience. Box 7204.

FELLOWSHIPS

LEVERHULME Research Fellowships, 1952. Application is invited for Fellowships and Grants in aid of research. The Fellowships and Grants are intended for senior workers who are prevented by routine duties or pressure of other work from carrying out research. They are limited to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom. In exceptional circumstances the Trustees may waive the condition as to residence. The Trustees are also prepared to consider applications from groups of workers engaged upon co-operative programmes of research particularly from those engaged upon long-distance programmes. The duration of the awards will not normally extend over more than two years or less than three months and the amount will depend on the nature of the research and the circumstances of the applicant. Forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Leverhulme Research Fellowships, 3/5 Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 1910. Applications must be received on or before December 31, 1951. Awards will be announced in May and will date from September 1, 1952.

GIRTON College, Cambridge. The Eugénie Strong Research Fellowship, tenable for three years from October 1952, is offered for research in any branch of learning except Mathematics and Science. The Fellowship is of the value of £300 a year, with free residence, pensionable under the F.S.S.U. It is open to women graduates of any University. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Girton College, Cambridge, to whom applications should be sent by January 15, 1952.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance; broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs., is a co-educational boarding school where, in a happy atmosphere and ideal surroundings, children from 4 to 13 are given a sound educational foundation.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. (Recog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

PERSONAL

XMAS Holidays in the country for boys and girls up to 18. Parties, riding, etc. Old friends and new welcomed. Dec.-Jan. Falkner, Odam Hill School, S. Molton, Devon.

HINDI tuition & transl. by expert. Tuitions individual. Archway 6397, mornings.

PART-time work undertaken by exped. secretary; mod. fees per hr. Box 7162.

PUBLISHER wanted for concise Finnish Grammar (first in England since 1890). Would welcome letters from potential purchasers to convince publishers of demand. Write, Box 7154.

FRENCH girl of 19, well-educated and good-humoured, would help mother in exchange for keep, occasional freedom and 15s. pocket money. Coming immediately. Lafond, 4 Square Raynouard, Paris 16e.

PIANOFORTE taught by exptd., fully-qual. Grad. of Music. Prep.: Assoc. Board Exams., Scholarships/Competitions. Box 7105.

UNCONVENTIONAL young woman, bored festivities, &c., seeks Xmas work; intelligent company, country preferred. Box 7259.

GUY Wootton offers secretarial services, afternoons and/or evenings, London. Own typewriter. Box 7048.

PERSONAL—continued

BULBS: Business with international reputation, importing, collecting, growing, distributing and exporting rare and uncommon species of flowerbulbs and other plants, ovlge to rapid expansion requires £3,000 to £4,000 capital to consolidate and further extend operations. Share or part-shares offered to interested person or persons. Several thousand customers, including many famous gardens, botanic gardens, universities, etc., both at home and overseas, and list increasing daily. Stocks at present in store and in growth most comprehensive of their kind in the world. Nursery passed for export to U.S.A. and Canada, where enormous potential market awaits exploitation, and where name is already known. Full particulars (in confidence) from Ralph Conacher, B.A. Hon. Cantab., F.R.H.S., A.G.S., Uplands, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.

HAVE you a Son at a Preparatory School—or are you planning his future eduction? If so, you will want to read "The Preparatory Schoolboy and His Education"—the first authoritative study of life, work and play in a Preparatory School: the cost of such education, and method of entry. From all booksellers: 9s. 6d. net. Published for the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools by Evans Brothers, Ltd., Montague House, Russell Sq., London, W.C.1.

PARIS five days Christmas Holiday with Paris and Versailles tours, Opera visits, parties, return fare from London, £15 incl. For Ski-ing Holiday party leaves Dec. 30 for 11 days at famous centre near Salzburg. All-in £20 5s. IUSY Travel Service, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1. ABB. 6494.

PIANIST, aged 24, B.A., (Music) Gold Medal, A.R.C.M. and L.G.S.M., now studying for concert work, seeks to widen his experience of accompanying. Chamber Music or Music Criticism. Box 7114.

WELL-educated Spanish girl, 24 yrs., seeks post in family from Jan., 1952. Prepared teach Spanish, look after children and do light house-work. Small salary. Box 7253.

YOUNG lady graduate wishes contact similar with view finding and sharing flat in Central London area. Box 7243.

TWO Tricolor Welsh Corgi Dog Pups for sale, 3 months. Beautifully bred and most promising. Pamela Brown, Fairfield, Winterbourne Earls, Salisbury. Tel.: Winbourne Gunner 217.

EDUC. youngish bus. woman offers serv. Xmas period, hsehold./secl. Box 7104.

CONTRACT Bridge. Gentleman wishes to meet other players. North/Cent. London. Phone ENT. 1809 or write Box 7087.

WOMAN could teach German, French, Russian, would like live in, look after children, help in house. Box 7070.

MOTHER (boy 5) seeks another with one child similar age share work and expenses modern country bungalow. Poss. arrange week-end accom. father too. Box 7131.

YOUNG French girl, wanting to learn English, desires place in family to look after children/lady's companion. Box 7283.

GOOD-class families invited to offer hospitality for 2-6 week periods, May to August 1952 (occasional winter periods) to Scandinavian adults/students/children on P.G. or exchange terms. Box 7038.

PIANO Lessons for beginners and advanced pupils given by Prof. of the Vienna Academy. EUS. 3466 ext. 63.

FRENCH conversation practice given in exchange for English. Box 7273.

SHORTHAND in 12 hrs.! Learn TROAB, the simplest system ever devised. Individ. tuition, low fees. Deths.: TROAB Shorthand (NS), BCM/TROAB, London, W.C.1.

SUNDAY Language Circle, French, German, English for Foreigners. 4-7 every Sunday, South Kensington Restaurant, 10 The Arcade, S.W.7. Adm. 2s. 6d., self-serv.

GRADUATE (35) male, seeks a companion (m) for 2/3 weeks' visit Yugoslavia next Spring. Modest comfort. No hiking. Expenses shared. Box 7107.

SUNSHINE holidays in Winter. Glorious vacations in the warm sunshine of Palma de Mallorca, Ibiza, Malaga, Alicante and Canaries. A 15-day holiday, fully inclusive London back to London from £32. Apply for full details to See Spain Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 9351/2.

HALL for hire Lects. Sq. Dancers, meetings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

JOHN Lamming will be pleased to send you details of his Swiss Winter Sports Party (Xmas and New Year) 10 or 15 days. Phone Chs. 6436 or write 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

LOOK younger, live longer! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure régime, with hydro-electro and dietetic treatments, in a delightful bijou Guest House, will revitalise your personality and poise. Folder: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

PERSONAL—continued

EDUCATIONAL Society reqs. immediately one room as office, Central London. Write S.E.A., 29 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1.

THE Mediterranean . . . the quay at Toulon, a fishing harbour in Corsica, the old port, Sète . . . facsimile Reproductions by Signac, Marquet, Desnoyer, &c., &c.; also full range of French, Swiss and Gaynymed facsimiles. St. George's Gallery (Books), 45 Old Brompton Rd. (one min. from South Kensington stn.). Daily until 6 (late by appointment—KEN. 7495), Sats. 1. Illustrated catalogues for country customers.

ODD-jobs. Decorative help for homes. I paint furniture, floors; make curtains, lampshades; frame photos, etc. Willing service, moderate charges. Box 7215.

YOUNG man seeks gymnastics teacher with gymnasium. Box 7026.

ARTIST painter/writer needs help. Seeks backer. Proposition: investment/patron. Subsistence only. 60 paintings & MSS. avail. Glasby, 96 Mansfield Rd., Nottingham.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

FLY to Ski with the Austrian Alpine Club. Members' special charter air service to Innsbruck. £26 return. Frequent flights from Christmas to Easter. Ski Parties to Club Chalets. Including tuition, ski hire, guides for tours, travel, &c. 16 days from 27gns. Austrian Alpine Club, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 0942.

WINTER Sunshine in Bermuda, Madeira and the French and Italian Rivieras, also Paris week-ends, individually arranged by Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, Whitehall 5145.

CHRISTMAS on skis or by a log fire? Come and join a cheerful Winter Sports party going Austrian Tyrol Dec. 21, or an informal house party near Windsor. Winter Sports and Travel Film Show, Nov. 28, 6.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. and details of holiday arrangements from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

HOLIDAYS on skis in Austria and elsewhere. For the right place at the right time consult the Winter Sport specialists, Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. F., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

EXHIBITION and Conference Rooms available in West End. Apply British Colour Council, 13 Portman Square, W.1. WEL. 4185.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

AUSTRIA — France — Norway — Switzerland. Whatever of these countries you prefer for a winter sports holiday, you will find it in our programme. Inclusive charges from £25 for a 16-day holiday. Write for programme to R.A. Services, 48(a), Park Rd., N.W.1.

WINTER Sports Holidays. Switzerland 9 days from £21 10s. 6d., Austria 9 days from £21 12s. 6d. For full particulars of these and many other attractive offers write to Hostel Plan, Limited, 245 Regent Street, London, W.1.

PARIS (Dec. 29-Jan. 5) from 11gns. "Globex," 3 Oldham Rd., Manchester.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6942.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7.0 (ex. Mon.). St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Third Person." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Hawthorn Grove," a Russian Comedy. Weds.-Sun. 7.30. Mems. only.

"THE Father." See Strindberg's Powerful Drama performed by the Tavistock Repertory Coy. at their Studio-Theatre. 176(a) Albany St., N.W.1. Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, 2 & 5-9, 7.30 p.m. Members only, 4s., 2s. 6d. Apply for Club Membership (2s. 6d.) by post, or ring EUS. 7185 (after 7 p.m.).

THE "First Stage" Society presents on Dec. 9 at 8 p.m. at The French Institute a reading of "Aucassin and Nicolette," a lyric drama, words by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon, music by Clifton Parker. Mime by Yona Sassbergh, with Selma Vaz Dias and a cast of 30. Membership 2s. 6d., tickets 2s. 6d. (guests 3s. 6d.). Apply First Stage Society, c/o Int. Copyright Bureau, 11 Haymarket, S.W.1. WHI. 0175.

WATERGATE Theatre, Buckingham St., W.C.2. TRA. 6261. "Between Whisky and Vodka, a week's season of the Artists' Theatre "Das Kommödchen" from Düsseldorf, literary revue in German. November 24-December 2, 7 p.m., Sundays 6.30 p.m. Mats. Wed., Sat., Dec. 1, 2.30 p.m. Detailed leaflet from Library of the German Language, 4b Belsize Grove, N.W.3. PRI. 6083.

PEOPLE'S Palace. ADV. 3331. Nov. 25, 7.30. "Vessel of Wrath" (A) (English).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525: Until Dec. 2: "Paris Qui Dort" (U) and "An Italian Straw Hat" (A) both by René Clair.

NEW Era Film Club presents "La Bataille du Rail," French resistance film, "The Loom Necklace," Indian legend in colour. "The City" (U.S.A.), Beaver Hall (Mansion House Tube Stn.), Fri., Nov. 30, 7.15 p.m. Fours 2s., guests 3s. 6d. Details, tickets and membership: A. Miller, 166 High Rd., N.15.

HAMPSTEAD Film Society (PRI. 1598) presents the screen version of famous Brecht-Weill Opera "Die Dreigroschenoper," Thurs., Nov. 29, Hampstead Town Hall, 7.45 p.m. Members and guests only.

CHINESE Films! 2 world prizewinners in one tremendous programme! "Daughters of China" and "Liberated China" (both 35mm) at Islington Town Hall, N.1, Mon., Dec. 3, 7 p.m. Speaker, Jack Dribbell, just back from China. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. from British-China Friendship Assoc., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2 (stpd. add. envelope, please).

WINTER Sports and Travel Films will be shown at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, Nov. 28, 6.30. Tickets 2s. 6d. in advance, from Erna Low, 9, Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

IGOR Ozim, Violin Recital. Winner of the Carl Flesch Medal. (Under the auspices of the British Yugoslav Friendship Society.) Wigmore Hall, Wed., Nov. 28, at 7.30. Pianoforte: John Wills. Works by Vitali, Brahms, Schubert-Kreisler, etc. 9s., 6s., 4s., Dec. at Hall & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

ERIC Hope, Sat., Dec. 1, at 7.30, Wigmore Hall, Piano Recital. Bach, Beethoven (Op. 110), Liszt (Dante Sonata), Ginsters (1st perf.), Chopin. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall. (Pro Arte Society).

NADEZHDA Kazantseva, Soprano, from the U.S.S.R., at the Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m., Sun., Nov. 25. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., from B.S.U., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (CLE. 4161) or usual agencies.

OPERATIC Tape-recordings: Soviet artists in classical works, introduced by Lawrance Collingwood. Chair: Harold Rosenthal. Mon. Nov. 26, 7.45. SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission free.

FOLK Lore & Dances of the West Indies. The W. African Arts Club presents Beryl McBurnie & Company in a Lecture Demonstration, assisted by Philip Gibeho & group in Traditional Calypso and Dancing, Wed., Dec. 5, Chelsea Town Hall, 8 p.m. Tickets from D. Brooks, 12 Rushbrook Cres., E.17, or D. Thompson, 1 Hans Cres., Knightsbridge. 3s. In aid of Little Carib Theatre, Trinidad.

I.F.L. K.B. Dance Saturday, November 24, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C. Tickets 4s.

HAMPSTEAD Artists Council. Studio House, 1 Hamostead Hill Gardens, N.W.3. "Christmas Market," Sat., Nov. 24, to Sun. Dec. 23, 2-7, incl. Suns.

EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening of Reception on Nov. 28, 6.30-11 p.m. Preview to Arts Council Memorial Exhibitions of Jankel Adler and Bernard Meninsky at New Burlington Galleries. Members should apply for tickets to C.A.S., Tate Gallery (12s. 6d. including wine & refreshments).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters (6th Series) 45 Paintings—Beudin, Degas, Forain, Monet, Picasso, etc. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.

COLOUR-Plate Books of British Scenery 1775-1860. National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W.1. 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily (Weds. 8 p.m.) Adm. 2s. (Mons. & Sats. 1s.)

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Paintings & Works by G. Loiseau, 1865-1915.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Beautiful French Paintings between 1815 and 1915. Fabric Collages by Margaret Kaye.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Paintings by Bonnard and Vuillard. Designs for "Tiresias" by Isabel Lambert. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1. Until December 8.

FOUR Contemporary Painters. Exhibition in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Nov. 27-Dec. 21. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by Robert Culiff, Ivor Fox, Jean Young, also A.I.A. Lithographs, Xmas Cards, etc. Daily 11-6. Sats. inc.

FUCIK Exhibition, open Mon. to Fri., from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. until Dec. 14 (Sats., 2 to 6 p.m.), at Lidice House, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Julius Fucik was executed by the Nazis in 1943. This exhibition depicts his life and work which was an inspiration to all who knew him. Visitors invited. Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by John Armstrong and Hans Tisdall. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

EDVARD Munch. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged in conjunction with the City of Oslo. Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 2. Weekdays 10-6; Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

GEORGE Melhuish—recent paintings. Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Until Dec. 1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Jewish Artists. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until Dec. 2.

PAUL Nash's *Camera*. An exhibition of photographs by Paul Nash. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Nov. 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

NO. 2 Swansdale Studios, Stratford Rd., W.8. Paintings of Cadaques. Nov. 26-December 1. Evenings.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Yorkshire Landscapes by L. Colbourn.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "The New Towns and their Problems" will be given by the Rt. Hon. Lord Beveridge at 5.30 p.m. on December 4, at the University of London: Senate House (entrance from Malet Place or Russell Sq., W.C.1). The Chair will be taken by the Rt. Hon. The Viscount Samuel. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Creighton Lecture, entitled "Henry Chichele and the Ecclesiastical Politics of his Age," will be given by Professor E. F. Jacob (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on December 3, at University of London, Senate House (entrance from Malet St. or Russell Sq., W.C.1). Admission free, without ticket.

POALE Zion (European Secretariat), Anglo Israeli Club, Gt. Windmill Street, W.1. November 26, 1951, 8 p.m. In conjunction with the European Conference of Poale Zion parties taking place in London. "A message from Israeli Labour." Speakers: Eliahu Dobkin (Member of the Jewish Agency Executive); Melech Noy (General Secretary of World Confederation of P.Z. parties); Itschak Worn (General Secretary, Mosbav Settlement Movement); Dr. S. Levenberg (Representative of the Jewish Agency in London). In the chair: Dr. S. A. Miller (Chairman Poale Zion Gt. Britain). Admission free. All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., 7 November 28, 7.30 p.m., at St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Economic Policy and the Tories": J. E. M. McKitterick. Adm. 1s. 6d.

COMPTON Mackenzie on The Nineties: City Literary Inst., Stukeley St., Drury Lane, Nov. 30, 7.15 p.m.; non-mems. 3s. 6d., in adv. 3s. from Shaw Soc., 45 Steeplestone Close, N.19. Dec. 18: Jacques Barzun on A Few Kick-Shaws (at 57 Dean St., W.1). 2s. 6d.

"THE New Statesman Speaks." "Penal Reform in England," by C. H. Rolph (member editorial staff NEW STATESMAN). Thurs., Nov. 29, at 8 p.m. at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch (Back Cumberland Hotel, W.1). Under auspices of All Nations Social Club. Non-members, 1s. 6d. at door. Questions and discussion.

PASTOR Niemöller addresses Public Meeting on "The Christian Message to a World in Fear" at Bloomsbury Central Baptist Church, Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.C.1 (near New Oxford St.), on Thurs., Nov. 29, at 7.30 p.m. Admission free. Silver collection.

QUAKER Mission to Russia. Prof. Kathleen Lonsdale, F.R.S., D.Sc., a member of the Mission, at Friars Town Hall, Nov. 29, 8 p.m. Admission free.

TYRONE Guthrie on "Staging Shakespeare—a practitioner's viewpoint," Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1, Mon., December 3, 7.30. Chairman: Robert Atkins. Tickets free (stamped envelope): Shakespeare Stage Society, 96 Charlotte St., W.1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Creative Ability in Artists' Handwriting": Lecture by Marianne Jacoby. Thurs., Nov. 29, at 8 p.m. Visitors, 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The International Joint Commission" will be given by Judge J. E. Read (International Court of Justice, The Hague) at 5 p.m., on November 27, at University College (Eugenics Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Nov. 26, 8 p.m. Prof. Kemenov (Academy of Art U.S.S.R.) "Soviet Attitude to Art." Lecture, Discussion. Chairman: Herbert Read. Members and one guest each only.

"WHY Do We Read Novels?" A lecture will be given by Pamela Hansford Johnson for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stein Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 26, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. December 1, at 6 p.m. Mme. Georgine Tisel (Alliance Francaise): "Contrast presents et France."

JULIUS Fucik Symposium, Tues., Nov. 27, 7.45 p.m., 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Speakers: John Horner, T.U.; Paul Hogarth, Artist; John Cousins, Author; Tony Goss, Youth Leader. Chairman: Stephen Jolly. Visitors welcome—admission free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Nov. 27, Dr. Eustace Chesser, "Freedom and Equality." Admission free. Collection.

ANGLO-Russian Relations: A Conference with R. H. S. Crossman and R. Palme Dutt; Saturday, December 1, 2.30 p.m. Beaver Hall, Gt. Trinity Lane, E.C.4. Tickets 1s. 6d. Tea should be ordered with applica. (Not payable on advance). 1s.) Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

"ANARCHISM or Socialism?" Public Debate. Denison House, Victoria. November 25, 7.30 p.m. Eddie Shaw for London Anarchist Group, Tony Turner (or Socialist Party of Great Britain).

DR. A. E. Bell will speak on "Science and Culture," Nov. 30, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. Free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda. Every Tues., 7.30 p.m., Kingsway Hall. Nov. 27: "God, Soul and Religion." All welcome.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Nov. 25: Sevenfold Man.

BRITISH-Rumanian Friendship Assocn. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 7.30, at 33 Pembridge Sq., Jack Pratton, A.E.U. Shop Steward, on "Experiences," and Pat Carpenter on "Art in Rumania." Refrs. Adm. 1s. Keep Dec. 4 free. The Dean of Canterbury at Holborn Hall. "My Visit to Rumania."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 25: Archibald Robertsions after lecture. Admission free. Chambert Concert, 6.30 p.m.

"THE Essence of Theosophy." C. R. Groves, M.Sc. Sun., Nov. 25, 7. Theosophical Soc., Gloucester Place, W.1.

VIRGINIA Flemming. "The Betrayal of Humanism by Humanists." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Nov. 25, at 11 a.m.

THE Science of the Bible. Lecture, Fri., Nov. 30, 7 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Admission free. Title: "Noah and the Flood—To-day." Adm. free.

MONDAY, November 26, 7.30 p.m. Elrwyn Morgan, "The Use of Non-Violence against the War Office seizure of Welsh Land." Rooms 7 and 8, Friends' Meeting House, Euston Rd. N.W.1.

TARBUT La'am Jewish Cultural Centre, 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Sunday, November 25, 8 p.m. "Shlonsky, the Modern Poet and Society": Miss C. H. Kaufman, member of the Israeli League for Progressive Culture. Club room open Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. evenings. Facilities include English and Israeli magazines.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Nov. 30-Dec. 2: Experimental painting & modelling. Dec. 7-9: Lectures by Joseph Needham, Sc.D. F.R.S. The social background of science & scientific thought in China; Human law & the laws of Nature in China & the West; Chinese contributions to ancient & mediæval technology.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY College, Southampton. Certificate in Social Studies. Applications can now be received for the Certificate Course in Social Studies open to men and women. The new session begins on October 13, 1952. Two Exhibitions of the value of free tuition in the course for the Certificate in Social Studies are offered annually. Candidates for an exhibition must be over 23 years at the beginning of the session. Further particulars may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University College, Southampton.

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